THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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One copy, one year, cash in advance	$1.50
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

VIRTUE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1879. NUMBER 29.

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The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't, forget it.

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NEW GOODS!

NOW OPEN!!!

REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

YOUNG AMERICA

Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PAINC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

April 25, 1879.-6m.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA,

IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN

THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS.

PIANOS	Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO.	ORGANS	PALACE. STERLING. Mason&Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,

1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,

79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

[5-23.] [3m.]

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

THE undersigned, Assignee of Matthias Eder, will expose to public sale, at the **Court House in the City of Williamsport, Pa.**, on

SATURDAY, August 30th, 1879,

At **10 O'CLOCK, A. M.**, the following described real estate, late the property of said assignor, viz: All those certain PIECES OF LAND situate in the Township of Loyalsock, County of Lycoming, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by lands of the heirs of Ambrose Miller, east by lands of heirs of Andrew Hepburn and William Crownover, south by lands of Ezra Canfield, and west by lands of the heirs of Lawrence Miller, containing *150 Acres*, more or less, about 100 Acres of which are cleared, with the appurtenances, consisting of a Lime Kiln, one Brick Dwelling House, a large Frame Barn, and other Outbuildings.

ALSO,

All that certain LOT OF GROUND situate in the Fifth Ward of the City of Williamsport, Pa., aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: On the north by West Fourth street, on the east by Centre street, south by an alley, and west by lot of H. H. Cummin, having a front on Fourth street of sixty-seven feet and a depth of one hundred and ninety feet, with the appurtenances, consisting of a Brick Dwelling House, Frame Office, Frame Stable, and other Outbuildings.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, in a PART OF A TRACT OF UNSEATED LAND situate in Elk township, Tioga county, Pa., surveyed on warrant numbered twenty-six hundred and forty-three (No. 2643), containing, in the whole, *532 Acres*, more or less.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, being an undivided ONE-HALF interest therein, in the following FOUR TRACTS OF LAND, viz: All that certain tract of Unseated Land situate in the Township of White and Chest, County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, surveyed in the warrantee name of Thos. Sanborn, containing *455 Acres* and *136 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of Simon Walker, containing *332 Acres* and *5 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of Henry Philips, containing *330 Acres* and *80 Perches*. Also, all that certain tract of Unseated Land adjoining the one last described, and situate in the same county, surveyed in the warrantee name of William Parker, containing *120 Acres* and *50 Perches*.

ALSO,

All the right, title and interest of the said Matthias Eder, assignor, being an undivided ONE-THIRD interest therein, in all those certain FOUR TRACTS OF UNSEATED LAND situate in the Townships of Portage and Sylvania, County of Potter, and State of Pennsylvania, surveyed in warrants numbered four thousand six hundred and twenty, four thousand six hundred and twenty-one, four thousand six hundred and twenty-two, and four thousand six hundred and twenty-three, (Nos. 4620, 4621, 4622 and 4623,) each tract containing *1100 Acres*, more or less; said four tracts being contiguous to each other.

Terms of Sale.—Twenty per centum of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the balance on the first day of October next, when the deeds will be delivered.

JOHN WHITE,
Assignee of Matthias Eder.
Williamsport, Pa., July 24, 1879.—7-1.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Alias Levari Facias, Venditioni Exponas* and *Alias Fieri Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Conrad Raab, in Johnstown, on *Saturday, August 30, 1879*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

All the right, title and interest of H. D. Woodruff, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Pa., beginning on Singer street, on the corner of Lot No. 14; thence by said street three perches to Lucas alley; thence by said alley to Kingston alley; thence by Kingston alley 5½ perches to lot No. 14; thence by said lot 11 perches to the place of beginning—and known on plan of lots of Johnstown continued as lot number thirteen (13) etc., being the same lot of ground which John S. Buchanan and wife, by deed dated April 4, 1870, and recorded at the Recorder's office for Cambria county in Record Book vol. 31, 241, &c., conveyed to the said H. D. Woodruff, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnstown Building and Loan Association.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Jones and Catherine Jones, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Fourth ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the east on Adams street, adjoining lot of Johnstown School District on the south, lot of John J. Trefts' heirs on the west, and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two story plank house and stable, now in the occupancy of John Jones. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John F. Barnes.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Patrick Flinn, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Second ward of Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on —— street, adjoining lot of Patrick Murray on the east, and an alley on the west, extending back to —— street or land of Cambria Iron Co., having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Patrick Flinn. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Francis Devlin.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.
JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday, September 1st, 1879*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Isaac Lute and William Lute, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Gardner, Adam Lulay, Peter Garman, and William Garman, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of William Lute. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. T. Backhouse and Sarah Ann, his wife, in right of said Sarah Ann.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday, September 1st, 1879*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Joseph Stonebighter, Jr., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Barr township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of L. Mangold, M. Kersh, Wm. Shank, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Joseph Stonebighter, Jr., and a one story house in the occupancy of Joseph Stonebighter, Sr. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Stonebighter.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.
JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on **Saturday, the 23d day of August, A. D. 1879**, at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the interest of A. R. Litzinger, being the undivided two-fifths interest, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: All that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Clearfield township, in said county of Cambria, bounded by lands of Hald Ivory, John Shank, Michael Will, Theodore Storm, Edward Burk, and others, containing 85 Acres, more or less, having about 55 Acres cleared. It is situated about one mile from the borough of Chest Springs and has a good Orchard on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond of the purchaser.
H. J. HAIS,
Aug. 1, 1879.-3t. Assignee of A. R. Litzinger.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARGARET ATKINSON, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret Atkinson, late of Loretto borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them duly authenticated for settlement.
FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Executor.
Loretto, July 18, 1879.-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of GEORGE WEHN, Sr., deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Geo. Wehn, Sr., late of Jackson township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JAS. M. SINGER,
Ebensburg, July 25, 1879.-6t. Administrator.

STRAY CATTLE.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, two miles south of Ebensburg, about the first of July, two one-year-old white spotted heifers, and two one-year-old steers, one of the latter being red in color and the other red and white spotted. Any information concerning them sent by letter or otherwise to the subscriber at Ebensburg will be liberally rewarded.
Aug. 1, 1879.-3t. ANDREW LINK.

Advertisement of 4 lines inserted 1 week in 350 newspapers for **$10.** Send 10c. for 100 page pamphlet. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

BY MARY KEELEY BOUTELLE.

Faded and fair, in an old arm chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see as I look from the window seat,
A house over yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port and across the sea;
Oh, to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when you are old, like me," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then do you think the one thing will be
You will wish and need to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me" I say.
"That money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,—
Treasure that nothing can take away,—
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

BORDER ROMANCE.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN OLD FRONTIERSMAN—A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A HERO.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes as follows from Denver, Col.: "I read in the Denver *Tribune*, the other morning, the announcement of the killing of Yardmaster Jack Finehart, of the Denver and Rio Grand railroad. Finehart had held his appointment only three days, having received it from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, on the occasion of the transfer of the Denver and Rio Grande, in accordance with the order of the federal court. The paragraph startled me exceedingly. Jack Finehart's was a figure familiar in certain circles of society all over this Western country. In most of the States and territories his deeds have made him almost an outlaw Jim Currie, who shot Porter, the actor, in Texas, drew his first pistol under the tutorship of Finehart. Jack Finehart has left a trail easy to follow him by wherever he has been. He was no vulgar ruffian. He was as nearly the ideal of a frontier 'character' as I have ever heard of one man's becoming. Imagine a man six feet tall or over, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, possessed of a handsome, determined face, stern as the countenance of justice; a man whose immense strength is hidden in the finish of his proportions. He walked with graceful military erectness and saluted his acquaintances with great courtesy. His large moustache and broad white hat set him off to peculiar advantage. As any one who might have seen Buffalo Bill in his wild days would have set him down as an uncommon man, so any one meeting Jack Finehart would have wondered what sort of a record the man had. Jack is a Texan by birth and bringing up; a Texan in his instincts; a typical Texan in his manners; a Texan in his doings; a Texan in his method of carrying his revolver (fully cocked and hanging from a belt behind); a Texan in his record; a thorough Texan 'son-of-a-gun.' The earliest days of the man's life were probably the most exciting. Blood was spilled as freely as water twenty years ago all over the West. Deeds that history shudders to relate were on the town annals of every hamlet. The frightful moral abandon of border life in Texas now is scarcely worthy of notice in comparison with the life of a score of years ago, when Jack Finehart was a lad. He had a fine field to study in, and he was well bred. A man started his cemetery before crossing the threshhold of manhood, and before the down had left his cheek murder was no novelty to him. Finehart was often a leader of desperate people, and death came to him a hundred times; hovered about him; flirted with him; all but took him, and then departed. I am telling the story of this man's life to show you an inside picture of a border man, a little redeemed from the desperado, in all his moods. He did not rob railroad trains, coaches, horsemen, foot travelers, nor anybody else, with his bands, but he quarreled, and drank, and killed, and lived along the frontier towns. Finally the war broke out. He had by this time acquired that perfect fearlessness and indifference to death that in some men accustomed to facing it becomes an absolute passion, urging them madly on to wherever a prospect of death exists. Finehart selected for his posts in the war the most foolhardy, dangerous and death-tempting there were to be had. He ran powder trains, made journeys of exploration to see if the railroads had been torn up, at the rate of 70 miles an hour; he entered the Union camps at all points, led forlorn hopes, was always in front in a skirmish, scouted and spied until the business palled on him, and he mixed himself up in railroad affairs until no undertaking was too hazardous. Once he started to cross a river over which the bridge tottered and appeared about to fall, having been burned by the Union troops. Everybody left the engine, and Jack plunged over the bridge alone. The bridge went down, but Finehart jumped and swam ashore. They were escaping from a Union neighborhood, and were under pursuit. Finehart's companions were captured. On one occasion there was a great bully in the army, and his prowess was not limited in any direction. He had frequently killed his man; in fact he enjoyed killing his man; it was a very appetizing thing to do. In those days in Texas (he was a Texan) you could serve your time at this trade without any annoyance from the justice of the peace. Yes, he had a beautiful cemetery in Texas, and was going back presently to continue the work of populating it. One day Jack Finehart, who watched his colleague in the graveyard business a good deal, happened to be in a saloon with him. The stranger had hardly ceased relating some wonderful adventures, when Jack drew an enormous revolver, cocked it, and laid it on the bar beside the man. The latter stared at the pistol and then at Jack. Finehart filled a glass with whisky, and, retiring a few steps, tasted it. Then he said, facing the stranger:

"They call this good whisky. Smell of it, and give me your opinion." And he dashed the tumblerful into the stranger's face.

There lay the revolver at the man's elbow; there stood Finehart, waiting to be shot dead.

The stranger did not move, but in astonished silence wiped the whisky from his face. Then Jack stepped up, took the pistol, and pointing it between his eyes, said:

"Now, damn you, apologize for your lies and slope."

The man did this all very abjectly.

Jack and a friend were sleeping in a log cabin on the prairies in Texas, keeping dark for some very good reason. They suddenly, in the middle of the night, heard voices outside. Says Jack, with his habitual drawl:

"Let's see who they are."

His friend was already looking out.

"Jack," he remarked, "they've got a rope."

Jack paused, thoughtfully felt of his neck, and drawled, "Don't be scared; it's me."

He knocked out the cartridges of both his revolvers, and replaced them with others. He then felt of his bowie knife, and made a number of rapid and exhausting movements to ascertain if he was stiff or not in condition. Meanwhile he could hear voices in different keys crying. "Jack!" "Jack Finehart!" "Come out, you damned Texan."

"Come in, boys," he drawled, getting his tools ready. Just as he stepped out, a cocked revolver in each hand, and a bowie knife across his mouth, there was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

It was moonlight, and Jack was arrested in the act of opening fire.

The leader then assured him that they simply wanted his assistance to run Stub Hawkins, a noted horsethief, off to cottonwood.

Jack put up his pistols in great dudgeon and disappointment.

On another occasion Jack was in a New Mexico barroom. A young New Yorker was talking a great deal, and Jack, in his drawling Texan humor or indifference (the quality resembles either), offended and insulted him without intent. Finally the New Yorker drew a seven-chambered pea-shooter and discharged every barrel at Jack Finehart. The desperado received the shots without moving a muscle until exhausted. Then, drawing quickly a pistol a foot long, he shivered the pea-shooter out of the youngster's hand, and said:

"Stranger, buy a gun that won't disgrace this country."

He deliberately put his "gun" back and did not even look to see where the New Yorker's shots struck.

A young gentleman befriended Jack and won his everlasting devotion. Finehart was one of the most delicately organized men I ever met. He was like a woman; only less ashamed of natural emotion. Jack heard of some danger impending over his friend. For three months he dogged him day and night, ever hovering around him, with two revolvers buckled about him. At last the night of the consummation of the scheme of revenge was at hand. Two men sprang upon the young man with the intention of letting out his life blood with knives.

"Save me," he contrived to scream.

"That's what Jack Finehart has been waiting two months to do," cried the owner of the name, as soon as the smoke from his shots had cleared off.

Drawing and firing both revolvers at once, he had pinked both the assassins.

Finehart had a powerful name in Texas, in Arizona, in Kansas, in New Mexico; not a gambler from Texas to the Black Hills but respected the name. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, unequaled as a companion on a spree, he was, nevertheless, scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive and easily provoked to tears. He had a way of subduing a pack of scoundrels by walking into their midst unarmed and uttering his wish. He brought eight men one cold night, while he was on a spree, out of a house of prostitution, and arranged them, without any clothing, all in a row along the sidewalk, where he delivered a lecture to the chattering wretches on the "Evils of Immorality." He had one love affair, and it was the romance in his life. I don't know the romance of it. Nobody does but Jack, and he was not communicative about it. It seems that his brother was equally involved about the girl, and after much bitter feeling and exchanges had been indulged in between them respecting the lady, they came to an understanding thoroughly typical of the hard, uncompromising nature of Western quarrels. The understanding was to the effect that the men pledged themselves never again to speak to the girl, the penalty for an infraction of this rule being that one brother should kill the other. This was the compact. To any one familiar with the history of the West there is nothing strange, unnatural or startling about it. The brothers separated, and each went his way. This was some years ago. This summer Jack sought out his brother, and found him in Denver. He told him briefly that he had broken his oath, and wanted the compact kept. There was nothing about Jack's demeanor that indicated fear. He was melancholy and quiet. This was indeed his habitual manner. He was firm in his determination to die by his brother's hand. The witness to the compact was in Denver. He was found by Jack, and the fact was narrated to him. He offered remonstrance, of course; Jack was as firm as iron. His influence over the witness, and the desire of the latter to see it out and put in as many obstacles as possible, induced him to accompany his friend. The brother was waiting, and they walked out on the Platte river bank. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was making countless beautiful shapes and colors over the mountains. The air was cool and dry, and the earth looked very fresh and green. It was a singularly inviting aspect, and the world never appeared more tempting as a place of residence. The men spoke not a word, but strode steadily along, Jack in front. The witness was alarmed and horrified. He knew not what to do. It was impossible to influence these men; but he could not now back out. They at last reached a quiet spot in a shady valley. The Platte ran beside them, and would carry the body of Jack Finehart with it in a few moments. They paused. Jack drew a Derringer and examined it carefully. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he cocked it and handed it to his brother. Then walking a few yards he turned a two-thirds profile toward him, presenting his heart as a mark to shoot at. There the Texan stood, with his arms folded and an expression of quiet melancholy on his face.

"I am ready," he said, casting a single glance at his brother, with whom he had previously shaken hands, and then turning his gaze toward the river. The brother leveled the pistol, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack flung a quick look at it, and, seeing his brother about to try again, once more gazed at the river. After another long aim, the brother suddenly threw the pistol into the river and wheeled about. Jack advanced in anger.

"You're a perjurer," he said. "I would have killed you."

The brother did not reply, but turned and walked toward home.

Jack followed with the greatly relieved witness. He did not utter a word until they parted at Denver. He made repeated efforts to induce his brother to carry out the contract, and seemed more anxious to die the more he reflected upon his escape. He appeared to court death with moody anxiety, and long after this affair had ceased to torment him, this strange, restless desire to meet death by violence haunted him. At 3 o'clock on the morning of his death (he remained up because he was filled with a suffocating sense that death was coming) he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and said:

"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air; but I don't know how, and I'd like to know. I've got the 'sand' to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd like to know how it's coming."

"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.

"There isn't a spot in this Western country where Jack Finehart is not in danger," he replied.

At 10 o'clock he was attending to his duties as yardmaster. A switch-engine was going down the yard behind a passenger train, and Jack, knowing the engineer to be a Denver & Rio Grande man, and being distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along with him. The rickety engine was going very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and Yardmaster Finehart was crushed to death and badly mutilated. The engineer was also killed.

To think that a man who was covered from head to foot with knife and pistol scars; a man whose death was many times due, perhaps, from the hands of other men, should meet it at last by a railroad accident! His funeral was attended by great numbers, and, as he lies in the cemetery, one sees over his grave only the simple inscription, "Jack Finehart."

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

The editor of a New York State journal, on retiring from the profession not long since, embraced the occasion to give utterance to some sentiments which are applicable the world over among newspaper readers. Hear him:

Having for nearly seven years been a weekly visitor at your homes, kindly sharing the hospitality, and, we hope, contributing somewhat to the comfort of the same, it only remains to shake hands all around, take an affectionate and heart-breaking farewell, and come no more, probably, forever.

Good-bye. It has been spoken over the dead lying in their coffins. It has been spoken when an ocean was to roll in between parting hearts, but it never is spoken with such pathos and unction as when a country editor, with the memory of his hard grubbings and his scant comforts pressing upon him, hands his valedictory over to the compositor, puts the stub end of his worn out pencil into his breeches pocket, and shuffles his rheumatic legs down stairs, to go no more back forever.

"We part upon the square." We proclaim general amnesty all round. We expire forgiving our enemies, and shall haunt those who obstinately refuse to forgive us. We are bound to be forgiven.

Farmers, good-bye. You are the dorsal column of the country editor's subscription list. It could not stand erect without your help. May the time soon come when no mortgage, like a great morass in the centre of a pleasant meadow, shall obstruct your prosperity.—Have you ever given us wood of scrimp pattern and highly perforated cordage? The act is forgiven. Have you ever given us butter of most unhallowed flavor? We hope after a little, to forgive even this.

There is a particular class of patrons whom every departing country editor remembers with special gratitude. It is the substantial, thoroughly steadfast, patrons—the men who are never blown out of favor with him by the light gusts of ill wind. They are the men who cash their bills with thoroughly professional honor and promptness. We remember all such men in Groton with downright and uncompromising gratitude. We count their names with thankfulness. They are like the brick walls which hold this office above the street below.

Support the new management. A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the shortcomings of the editor—co-operate with and encourage him. Help him to get news, and see that he has his share of your money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probabaly, than you do. Help, but don't hinder. Again, good-bye.

* * *

HAWKEYE REFLECTIONS.—Don't judge a man by his clothes. Can you tell what a circus is going to be like by looking at the Italian sunset on the fence? Do you value a turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of a mink the most, and indeed, the only valuable part of him? There are men fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linens and cardinal socks, and who have to hold their hand over their scarf pin when they want to see the moonlight, who unassisted and unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella. And soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now and then, son, before you are as old as Methusaleh, you will see a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers. On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness, and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen a tramp dressed in more rags than you could rake out of the family rag-bag and with more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cake, half a pie, some black coffee and vanilla ice cream, and then steal every moveable thing in the yard, kill the dog, choke up the pump with sand, tramp on the panzy bed and girdle the cherry trees because he couldn't carry them away. Good clothes or bad, son, they are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go,
That careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him, "Oh!
You haven't got the can!"

He nods again, in fretful style,
But pulleth down his hat;
And lo, his sister, with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He need not shout so loud;
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,
"Theatre tickets for the crowd!"

His daughter, from the window high,
Estops him with her call.
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more, far down the street,
His echoing footsteps fly;
And all day long in measure fleet,
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And his day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't got a one.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

YARNS BY A TRAIN'S CREW.

A newspaper correspondent dishes up the following queer stories told not long since in a flying baggage car between Philadelphia and New York:

THE TRACKMEN.

I occupied the top of a trunk in a baggage car at the rear of a way train from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the other night, and every one of the train hands spun a yarn before we reached Jersey City. The general conversation was started by my asking the occupation of a man I saw on the track, carrying a bag and a white light, and walking along with his eyes on the ground. He looked like a geologist examining the soil. I was told that he was a "track walker," and that the railroad employs many men—one to every three miles—to patrol the track night and day, after the English plan. These track walkers carry a wrench, hammer, spikes, switch key, and what not.—They examine every inch of the rails, particularly the joints, repair whatever gets out of order, and undo any obstructions that may have been erected with mischievous intent.

"And are obstructions sometimes found by them?" the conductor was asked.—"More frequently than you'd think," was that official's reply. "That very man you asked about found a rail tied across the track twice in twenty-four hours, just above Bristol station. He found ties piled up more than once near a curve, and as for loose rails—they are found every night. Generally, loose rails are in the natural order of events."

"What does he do at night when he comes across an obstruction?" was the next question.

"He signals the endangered train," was the reply.

"Yes; but his light is a white one."

"Well, he carries a red glass cover to put over the white shade," the conductor made reply.

"And if he attacks or is attacked——"

"He is armed," the conductor interrupted. Stories of fights in which railroad men took part, were suggested and narrated.

WINDOW BREAKERS.

One was about a conductor of the New Jersey Southern in Jim Fisk's time when the biggest train loads ever seen in New Jersey were carried down to Monmouth Park. Roughs were not uncommon, and a custom roughs had was that of breaking car door panes. These lights cost about a dollar and a half, but the companies charged three dollars for them as a protective measure. The conductor referred to reported a number of broken door panes, and told Superintendent Kimball he could neither get the money nor arrest the roughs. "Then lick the ——," Mr. Kimball replied—"Do you order me to lick any man I catch breaking a glass?" asked the conductor, a frail fellow of consumptive tendency. "I do," replied the Superintendent. "Well, that's all I want to know," said the conductor. That night the plucky train handler was brought into the general office at Long Branch a mass of cuts and bumps, and black and blue all over. He was unable to walk. "I saw a man break a glass and I hit him a clip in the nose," said the conductor. "That is all, except that he was a 200-pound Fourth ward bruiser, with hands like triphammers, and he wiped the floor with me, pounded my head on the seat irons, and jumped on my stomach for 15 minutes."

TRAMPS.

Tramps were considered in a story told by the news agent. He said that at a station on the Pennsylvania division a horde of tramps captured and filled the depot, and threatened to kill those who offered to dislodge them. They lounged on the benches, smoked, swore and fought. A bright idea siezed the station agent. It was winter time. He went into the tramp-invaded sitting-room and pretended to poke the fire. The poker was a three-quarter inch bar, five feet long. While he fuddled with the damper he left the poker buried in the hot coals. The tramps applauded his hospitality. He whistled cheerfully and rattled the damper. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, drew out the poker, three feet of which was at white heat, and swinging it right and left he yelled at the panic-stricken tramps. A few of them went out by the door, but the majority plunged through the windows. In less than 60 seconds the station agent was monarch of all he surveyed.

THE IOWA FARMER.

A brakeman told a queer yarn about a wealthy old miscreant in Iowa, a farmer, who did not fence his land properly, yet grumbled when his cattle were killed. The railroad beat him in the courts, and he treasured up the hardest feelings against the company. One day a rail was tied across the track near the old farmer's land, and the first passenger train that came along was wrecked. It was believed at the time that the farmer had tied the rail to the track. Many persons were killed, and all the bodies but that of an aged woman were identified. The first day after the accident the old farmer did not go to the town where in this body awaited burial, but on the following morning he visited the postoffice and received word that his sister was coming on from the East to visit him. He rushed to the morgue and identified the body of the unknown lady as that of his sister. In less than a year he became a raving maniac, and in his ravings admitted that he had wrecked the train.

Another story was told of a stupid lamb that was seen to run between the wheels of a rapidly moving locomotive near Sunbury. The engineer suffered a pang of regret, for he was tender-hearted and wouldn't run over a snake if he could help it. He looked back over the road for the corpse of the unfortunate lamb. To his astonishment he saw the lamb leap from the track behind the last car and run off wagging its tail. It had passed under all the cars and was uninjured.

THE MURDEROUS ENGINE.

Many persons are killed on double-track roads by stepping from one track to the other, avoiding a train they see and hear, and being killed by one that they do not think to look out for. Almost every engineer of ordinary experience has killed his man, and some have killed many. Railroad men never speak of "killing" men or animals on the road, but of "striking" them—which, however, generally amounts to the same thing.

A story was told of a Hudson river engineer who killed a man that suddenly stepped in front of his engine. He had been watching the man and saw his face as he crossed over the track and walked into the engine. The man was blind. The engineer caught a glimpse of the victim's face as he was struck. His expression was one of terror. His scream was heard above the pounding of the engine. The sight haunted the engineer until he quit the business. Every night at the spot that scene was enacted. He took a day train; but at noon the apparition haunted the spot. He even went into the service of another company, yet at unexpected moments the spectre of the blind man seemed to start up in the track, to throw his arms over his head wildly, to scream, and to be crushed under the locomotive. It was more than the engineer could bear.

A SPECIAL TRAIN.

Then there was narrated a weird story that I had once heard before. It was about an apparition of a train on the Hudson River Railroad. It was told with an effort at sincerity that did not deceive the listener, but I am told that there are many trackmen and laborers along the line of the Hudson River Railroad who pretend to have seen the spectacle. The tale was about a mystic counterpart of the funeral train that bore Abraham Lincoln's remains from the city to the West. The actual and substantial train passed over the road on a certain day in April, 1865. The car that contained the President's remains was heavily draped, I believe. It is said that on that night, every year, all the train men who are on the road during a certain hour (that varies in different sub-divisions of the road) hear and see and feel the spectre train rush by them. It sounds hollow and awful. Its lights are yellow, pale and funereal. Its train hands and passengers are sepulchral figures. It looks like the outline of a train, yet every detail is perfect. Those who have seen it say, though they felt that it was only a vision, that a man could walk through it if he dared, or throw a stone through it; yet it seems perfect in everything but substantialness. It even carries with it a whirl of wind as fast trains do, but it is a cold, clammy, gravelike atmosphere, all its own. As it passes another train the shriek of its whistle and clang of its bell strike terror to the hearts of those that hear them.

THE CONDUCTOR'S YARN.

It was reserved for the conductor to tell the least plausible of the really remarkable yarns. He pointed out some corroborative evidence as we passed Tullytown—the scene where the narrative was laid. He said: "Do you see those telegraph poles?" They were ordinary poles, perhaps 23 feet high. "Well," he continued, "a good part of the train was lifted as high as the tops of those poles, and one or two cars were thrown clear over the wires into that field yonder." My astonishment was unconcealed. The other railroad men hastened to corroborate the story that was to come.

"Well," the conductor continued, "this accident that I'm going to tell you of will probably never have its parallel, because the combination of circumstances that led to it was most peculiar. The little stream we passed a minute ago was covered by a thick fog one morning—a dense belt of fog 20 feet wide and as long as the stream, although elsewhere the air was reasonably clear. One of our freights, a long train pulled by a whopping big six-driver engine, was nosing along close behind a slow passenger train. They both started from Tullytown together, and weren't many feet apart at the brook. The engineer of the 'freight' was keeping a close watch on the tail of the 'passenger,' when he suddenly found himself in a dense fog, unable to see three feet ahead. He is usually a clear-headed, cool man, but he lost his head at that moment, and he slammed on the steam brake so hard that it ground fire from the tires of the drivers and brought the train to all standing. The funny thing was that the train was made up of empties except the last two or three cars, and they were loaded with very heavy stuff. Now, what I tell you I'll swear to, and so can many men along the road. When that big 55 ton engine stopped dead those heavy box cars on the further end of the train pushed the empties so that the middle ones left the track and went up and up until the train was arched like a bow, and more than one car at the top of the arch was higher than the tops of the telegraph poles. The conductor—he lived in the house by the depot, and his father stood on the platform as we passed—the conducter, I say, was breaking in the middle of the train. He was squeezed to death, and his body and one of the cars were thrown over a telegraph pole into that field alongside of his house.

A WESTERN YARN.

The only man in the baggage car besides myself who had not told a story was a Western railroad man, who had exhibited as a card of introduction an annual pass over the railroad. When he cleared his throat no one spoke. One could see by the expression of his face that he had a good story and knew how to tell it.

"We have not had much that's worth recollecting down my way," said he—adding in parenthesis, "I'm from Kentucky—but perhaps you never heard of Captain Phillips' experience on a railroad wreck. It was a little singular. Captain Phillips is a conductor on the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line road, and at the time I speak of was running a 'freight.' A heavy storm had followed his train from Cincinnati—a severe winter storm that was accompanied by fearful wind and rain, and had raged a considerable time. His train was just beyond Walton, 30 miles the other side of Cincinnati, and was approaching a bridge that spanned a little creek that empties into the Licking river. Usually this stream is low, but on that night (this was some four years ago) it had become a swollen, roaring current. A passenger train had crossed the bridge safely, but it gave way under Capt. Phillips' train. He was in the caboose which was next to the tender. He was alone there. As the caboose rolled upon the bridge Capt. Phillips felt car, bridge and everything else suddenly sink beneath him. He felt the caboose and engine part, and then the caboose struck the rushing stream. The caboose light went out and the water poured in upon the flooring upon which he stood. The captain was thrown down, but he regained his feet and managed to stand while the car was swept along. It was an awful position. The water poured in and rose higher and higher around him: the car floated, but it turned from side to side, pitching and rolling, and struck with fearful force upon the cottonwood trees that stood in the way of the torrent. Phillips did not loose his presence of mind but struggled persistently to reach the car door. Again and again he approached it, but the rolling and plunging of the car threw him back. The minutes seemed hours to Phillips. The water in the car rofe higher and higher—past his knees, past his waist, up to his chest, over his shoulders—even up to his chin. Finally his head struck the top of the car whenever the car changed its motion. Suddenly, when all chance of escape seemed out of the question, the car door burst open, and, by a tremendous effort, Philips reached and braced himself in the framework. The next instant he seized a limb of a cottonwood tree, against which the caboose was carried. He held tight, and the car was swept on, while he hung to the tree. The other cars of the train rushed past one by one, and more than once the tree he clung to was struck by them.—So great was the force of the torrent that the locomotive was carried many yards down the stream, and some loaded cars of wheat were swept into the Licking river and down to Cincinnati, thirty miles away. Phillips was rescued in the morning."

* * *

AN OLD LAW.—The following communication, addressed to the Washington, *Post* contains an account of an old law which will strike many people as being good enough to be re-enacted:

LOW NECKED LOVELINESS.

In the early days of Pennsylvania the law makers took the subject in hand and enacted—"that if any white female, of ten years or upwards, shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e. low necked dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one, or more than two hundred dollars." It was, however, graciously provided, that women of unquestionable character might go with bare shoulders, as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste. How we have degenerated!

* * *

THE following advertisement appears in the columns of a German medical journal:

"Through the death of the late proprietor, a good practice in surgery in a wealthy part of the country is to be disposed of, either by sale or lease. The present owner, who is the daughter of the deceased, is young and single, and would not object to marry with the buyer, or tenant, if suitable arrangements could be made. Address" [illegible]

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 15, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny County.

The product of the Pennsylvania oil fields is estimated at 60,000 barrels daily, and from the fact that the pipe lines are all full, the quantity that runs to waste every day is thought to be from 7,000 to 10,000 gallons. Oil is now selling at about 70 cents per barrel at the wells, with no increase in the demand, while there is a daily increase in the production. About *two millions* of barrels of oil are now in tanks in the Bradford and other districts, for which in many cases double the present price was paid by the owners. This looks gloomy enough, and as new wells are constantly going down, it seems very certain that the old profits in oil will never again be realized.

Richard Vaux continues to "boss" one wing of the Democratic party in Philadelphia, while George McGowan puts in his time in running the other. Vaux is a veteran Democrat, and in former times was regarded as a man of good judgment and sound political sense. As to McGowan we have never been able to discover in him anything more than the low methods of a tricky ward politician. That *sixty thousand* Philadelphia Democrats could be induced to divide their ranks and march under the respective banners of these two would-be leaders, is disgraceful to their manhood and intelligence. But so it is, and we suppose from present indications that the fight of the factions will go on until the November election buries them both out of sight.

Ben Butler thinks that the vote (110,000) he received last year for Governor of Massachusetts is a pretty respectable capital upon which to make another campaign this year, and has written a letter in reply to one addressed to him by the Chairman of the State Committee, in which he says if his friends want him to make the race again he is at their service. The regular Democrats, headed by Judge Abbott, their candidate for Governor last year, utterly refuse to enter into any combination with Butler's supporters, although strongly importuned to do so; but it is believed that if the Butler movement is made a purely State issue, with a view to the reformation of the State government, and is kept distinct from national politics, it will draw to his support a large number of the Abbott Democracy, who now stand aloof from him. The controlling Irish element in the Democratic party of the State appears to be as enthusiastic in Butler's support as it was a year ago, but we still can't see how he can possibly be elected.

Five members of the committee of eleven appointed by the House to prosecute Kemble and others in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Dauphin county for corrupt solicitation in connection with the attempted passage of the Pittsburg riot bill, held a meeting at Harrisburg on Saturday last. They were: Wolfe, of Union; Sherwood, of Northumberland; Hackett, of Northampton; McKee, of Philadelphia, and Kirk, of Schuylkill. The committee decided, so it is stated, to commence proceedings immediately, so as to be ready for trial on next Monday week, the 25th inst., when the sessions will commence.

It is a little singular, in connection with this matter, that Sam Barr, who is the private clerk of Don Cameron, should have been drawn as a member of the Grand Jury. It may have been all fair and square, but when the intimate relations existing between Kemble and Cameron are taken into consideration, it has at least a very suspicious and ugly look about it. We will not, however, do the Grand Jury the injustice to suppose that Barr will be permitted to control its deliberations to suit his own purposes by procuring the discharge of Kemble and the other defendants through a failure by the jury to find true bills against them. If this should be the outcome, the people will not get the benefit of Kemble's theory of what constitutes bribery of a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature under the new constitution, and that would be a loss which no other man in this State besides William H. Kemble can supply.

Stanley Woodward, a Wilkes-Barre lawyer and somewhat prominent as a politician, is a son of the late distinguished Judge George W. Woodward, and his Democracy, like his father's, ought to be beyond suspicion. But it isn't, for during the political campaign of last year he consorted with the supporters of Hoyt, also a Wilkes-Barre man and a personal friend of Woodward's, and if he did not vote for Hoyt his course both before and after the election was such as to induce the belief, not only in Luzerne county, but outside of it, that he was not much of a Dill man. The Democratic convention of Luzerne county met last week, and one of the nominations then to be made was that of President Judge. Woodward was an aspirant for the place and it was thought would be successful, but he was defeated by Wm. S. McLean, and thus reaped the legitimate harvest of the political seed planted by him last fall. And so it should always be. A Democrat who will stab his party by refusing to support its nominations, and afterwards impudently seek office from a county convention, deserves no quarter, and in a political sense should be beheaded on the spot. The example set by the Luzerne convention in this instance ought to be imitated by every Democratic county convention in the State whenever a recreant to his party attempts to filch from it an endorsement of his claims to an office. The strength and integrity of a party can only be preserved by making odious all manifestations of treason to the decisions of its conventions, whether county, State, or national.

Irishmen and the decendants of Irishmen have always been lovers of liberty the world over, and have never failed to strike vigorous blows in its defence, no matter where their lot was cast. It is, therefore, consistent with their history and with their inherited hatred of English oppression, that the sons of the Emerald isle who had sought a refuge on our shores took a very conspicuous part in the stirring events that ultimately led to the separation of the thirteen colonies from Great Britian and the establishment of their independence. Without going back prior to the first meeting of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, it can be said that of the *fifty-six* signers of the Declaration of Independence, *nine*, including its Secretary, Charles Thompson, were of Irish birth or parentage. James Smith and George Taylor, two of the signers from Pennsylvania, were both born in Ireland—the former in 1713 and the latter in 1716. Matthew Thornton, one of the New Hampshire signers, was born in Ireland in 1714. Those born in the colonies of Irish parents were the following: George Reed, of Delaware, who, when tempted with British gold, replied: "I am a poor man, but the King of England is not rich enough to purchase me;" Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers, and who died at Baltimore in 1832; Thomas Lynch and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, and Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania, the second Governor of the State under the constitution of 1790. Charles Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, was born in the county Derry, Ireland, in 1740, and wrote out the Declaration from Jefferson's draft. It was Col. James Nixon, an Irishman, who first read the Declaration to the people from a window of Independence Hall, in which Congress was sitting, and John Binns, an Irishman, published the document for the first time with *fac similes* of the signatures, just as we see them now. Most of the eight signers whose names we have mentioned afterwards held high positions in their respective States.—Wales, also, furnished *one* at least, and perhaps *two* signers of the Declaration, while it is claimed, and we believe correctly, that Jefferson was lineally descended from Welsh ancestors.

It is a well known fact that in the Republican State of Rhode Island a foreign-born citizen, although he may have faithfully served his country during the late war, and may now be engaged in an honest occupation, cannot vote unless he owns real estate to the value of $134,00, while no such restriction is imposed upon a native-born citizen, though he be as poor as Lazarus. Mr. Wallace's Investigating Committee has just held a session, lasting several days, at Providence, in that State, and several citizens who were allowed to fight, but who cannot vote because they don't own the necessary real estate, were examined before it. Col. James Moran testified that he was a soldier during the war, but could not vote because he held no real estate. In his opinion, about one-third of the foreign-born citizens were disqualified from voting. Wm. H. Joyce testified that he had served during the war, but, like Col. Moran, held no real estate and could not vote. John M. Duffy stated that he had served through the war, and that at one time he owned real estate and was a voter, but he lost his property and with it his right of suffrage. Dr. Gottschalk said that most of the Germans in Providence were disqualified, and that in his belief nine or ten thousand naturalized persons in the State were excluded from the polls. Hon. Thomas Davis testified that he was of Irish nativity—that he had formerly been a Democratic member of Congress—that, failing in his business, he was compelled to make an assignment—that his title to his real estate passed from him, and that he lost his right to vote. In 1864, a year before the close of the war, an amendment to the constitution was submitted to the voters of the State, which provided for suffrage to naturalized citizens who had served honorably in the war of the rebellion, and permitting them to vote on the same terms as native citizens, but the Republicans voted it down. Congress has the power and ought to reduce the representation from that State from *four* to *three* members. This proscription of foreigners would never be permitted to disgrace the constitution of a Democratic State.

The Legislature of Tennessee passed an act at its late session authorizing a vote of the people on the proposition to pay the public debt of the State at fifty cents on the dollar, with four per cent. interest. The election took place on Tuesday of last week, and the project was defeated by about 15,000 majority. The question now is whether this result is due more to a feeling in favor of wholesale repudiation, or to an honest belief that the entire debt should be paid according to the original contract. Minnesota has twice, by a vote of her people, repudiated a portion of her public debt, honestly contracted some twenty years ago. There is a strong party in Virginia in favor of what they call "scaling" the debt of the State, which is only another name for repudiation, but there does not seem to be much doubt about their failure to carry the Legislature at the election in November, and that the mother of States and of statesmen will not sully her fair name by disowning her honest obligations. The only difference between an individual and the people of a State in repudiating their debts is that in the one case the disgrace attached to the act is divided between a multitude, while in the other it inheres in the individual.

Chairman Miller.—We were the colleague of Mr. Miller in the State Legislature during the sessions of 1856-'7, and of course had full opportunity to know him. He is an honest man, a true Democrat, and has, as he deserves, the respect of all who know him. We congratulate Mr. Miller on the confidence that has thus been reposed in him. While we see plainly that our new Chairman has a most difficult task before him, one that will demand earnest, constant, intelligent effort, and clear, bold, outspoken appeals to the Democracy, we hope that he will be able to make such arrangements that the organization of the *townships* of the State shall be perfect and complete. This will require great effort.—*Philadelphia Cons[illegible]*

Important to Voters.

As voters are an annual product in this country, either on becoming twenty-one years of age or by naturalization, too much cannot be said to direct all in the right and legal channel.

The regular assessment of registry lists for the coming fall election have already been made and sent out by the Commissioners, and are now to be found posted at the polling places in the various districts of the county as required by law. Under the new Constitution every person desiring to vote at the approaching November election must have resided for the period of *two months—sixty days*—in the election district where he offers to vote, and if *over* twenty-two years of age, shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least *two months*, and paid at least *one month* before the day of election. More: *The citizen who removes from one borough or township to another between the third of September and election day loses his right to vote*, because he must swear, if challenged, that he has resided at least sixty days in the district where he offers to vote. And if he has resided but five, ten, or twenty days, then he cannot declare that he has lived sixty therein. Those who wish to vote the coming fall had better examine the list of voters now in the hands of the Assessors (or the one to be found at the election house), and see if their names are enrolled. If not on the list, inform the Assessor of the fact. The omission of name produces more confusion and trouble on election day than all defects put together, and yet it is one of the simplest duties enjoined upon the Assessor, and it is equally simple if the voter does not know that his name is not on the list until he offers his ticket and some one challenges him. It becomes the duty of the citizen from this until the 3d of next September (sixty days before the election) to apply to the Assessor if he wants his name placed on the list. It is the duty of every Assessor to remain at the election house in his respective district on the 3d and 4th days of September next, where those not registered can find him and have their names put on the list of voters. Under the change made in our election laws an Assessor renders himself liable to a fine of $100 and three months' imprisonment for assessing a tax against any person after the time specified in the law for closing his labors.

That Soldier Candidate.—The brilliant war record of Samuel Butler, of Chester county, the Republican nominee for State Treasurer, is fully set forth in the following letter to the Harrisburg *Patriot*, dated West Chester, August 4th:

> Since the nomination of Sam'l Butler for State Treasurer, considerable has been said concerning his being a soldier and his discharge. In a recent issue of your paper you ask in what regiment did he serve? This information can readily be had. There is a little story connected with his company which in the present aspect of affairs might not be uninteresting. The incident is seldom if ever alluded to, and has been almost forgotten.
>
> Samuel Butler enlisted in the militia of 1862. He was a private in company D, Second regiment. The exact date of the organization and discharge of his company I do not know. The different companies of the regiment were organized September 6-13, 1862; discharged, September 23-25, 1862 (See Bates' History P. V., vol. 5, pages 1,151,1,152). It will thus be seen his company was in the service between ten and nineteen days. The company of which he was a member was commanded by George B. Thomas, then and now a resident of West Chester, and had a roll of about ninety enlisted men. The company was taken into Maryland, in the vicinity of Hagerstown (Williamsport I believe was the name of the place). While lying in camp a report was circulated that a detachment of Lee's army was within a mile or two of camp. Orders were given to march the men to a point a short distance away, and as was supposed form them in line of battle for action. Captain Thomas called his men out and informed them of the supposed state of affairs. Addressing them he said he did not feel justified in taking them where *their lives would be in danger*, and he would put it to a vote of the company whether or not they should advance. He then announced that all who *did not wish to go* should step out. Every man *except two* stepped out. These two men, neither of whom was Samuel Butler, fell in the rear of another company and marched to the point indicated. It is scarcely necessary to mention the names of these two men; suffice it to say that one of them is a prominent educator residing in Philadelphia, the other is a member of the West Chester bar, and both are Republicans. The cream of the joke was that no rebels were within twenty miles of camp. This is the history of the company in which the present candidate for State Treasurer on the Republican State ticket served his country as a soldier. Whether or not he was with it when the circumstances before alluded to took place we do not know. It is even possible he never got so far. The records of the Adjutant General's office, I should suppose, would furnish any other information that may be desired.
>
> It may be well to state that Mr. Butler was last week attending the encampment of the G. A. R. at Erie.
>
> Veteran.

The Real Issues in National Politics.—Senator Wallace was interviewed in New York the other day by a *Herald* reporter, who elicited the following in reply to a question about the real issues of the day in national politics:

> "Home rule and finance. Local government is our aim, and it is really the only living issue at present before the people. A government 'of the people by the people' is what we want and must have. Electors in their several districts and localities must be free to vote as they like and must be relieved from the presence and force of Federal influence and dictation. Finance will take care of itself. The country is now prosperous. In another year it will be more so. And by that time commerce will have so regulated the money question that it will have completely disappeared. That is, all the apparent difficulties in the way will have settled down into a natural channel. Our time resembles in a great measure that of Jefferson and Hamilton. In 1800 and 1802 the public mind was filled with similar questions to those now demanding solution at our hands. If we remain true and steadfast to that principle of the nation for itself we must win, but we cannot in any other way. A man must be at liberty to vote the way he wishes and must be free to talk aloud to his friend on election day on what he considers his rights and privileges without being afraid that a marshal or other Federal officer will put his hand upon his shoulder and move him off. Local government, or, as it is sometimes called, 'home rule,' is what the country wants and what we will give it. The people have grown impatient at the incessant thrusting of the Federal arm into their local matters, and are determined to destroy this advancing system of centralization. They look with a jealous eye on the increasing influence of massed capital, and are getting restive at the influence of huge monopolies."

In response to the query as to whether he thought the home rule system would satisfactorily arrange all these difficulties, Senator Wallace said:

> "I do. The people will then feel and see they are governing themselves and not being governed by privileged classes. They will understand their own needs in every section and quarter of the country and apply the proper remedy. Let any man go back to Jefferson and Hamilton and read the arguments put forward then by both and he will see and understand by what Jefferson said what is now the substantial issue."

Feminine Fickleness.—Long Island furnishes the following curious example of woman's fickleness:

> A young German named August Miller came to this country several years ago and settled at Woodhaven, Queen's county, where he leased a farm. He had not been there long before he fastened upon himself the affections of a widow who was blessed with one or two children, who were quite as old as her new love. However, they were married, and here the interest in the story begins. Dissensions, fostered by the children, soon sprang up between them; the wife became jealous, and the young husband reciprocated by beating her, for which attention he was arrested and fined $50. Being unable to pay it, he was sent to jail, but the wife relented, sold one of their cows, and paid the fine. The next thing was a suit for divorce, which marked the next falling out between the pair. Again she changed her mind, stopped the proceedings, and paid the costs. Several months of happiness followed, but the sky again darkened, and the wife offered her younger mate five hundred dollars if he would leave the country. This he promised to do, and the money was placed in the hands of Justice Betts, who bought a ticket, saw Miller on board, and gave him the balance of the money. But fickleness personified arrived on the dock at New York last Tuesday just as the Wisconsin was swinging out into the stream. She had come from Woodhaven to implore her husband to come back again, and she says that if he does not she will follow him to his fatherland.

The Catholic editor of the Catholic *Pilot*, published at Boston, is the first of the newspaper fraternity of that city to extend a word of sympathy to his contemporary, the Protestant editor and clergyman, Rev. Mr. Murray, in the latter's present embarrassments. Says this Catholic editor of his Protestant friend:

> "He has occupied a notable position in Boston, which he has filled with ability and without reproach. He has made thousands of friends and few enemies. Yet no sooner does the first blast of misfortune strike him than he is also stricken by unfriendly hands. He is not yet down; but some hasty Puritan moralists have fired at him falling. But many a strong man has been shaken before, and, if the right stuff were in him, the tempest only made him stronger. We are mistaken in man, or Mr. Murray will come from the storm unscathed, and, grown wiser by the chastening, win a position in Boston, the topmost pinnacle of which shall lead from the angle of his present poverty."

We are obliged to the Pittsburgh *Post* for the information contained in this paragraph:

> "A heavy white frost was noticed in the Allegheny mountains on Sunday, and the people at Cresson, Ebensburg and other summer resorts would have suffered from the cold had they not gone there provided with flannels, shawls and overcoats."

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Dennis Kearney has sent $100 to the striking spinners at Fall River, Mass.

—At Fincastle, Va., Wednesday, Jas. Stevens shot his wife dead and then fled.

—A demijohn of whisky exploded in Lebanon Saturday night with terrific force.

—A company in Philadelphia offers to furnish that city with gas at fifty cents a thousand feet.

—An ounce of peach kernels contains a grain of prussic acid, which is a fatal quantity. Ammonia is the best antidote.

—A serious riot occurred during a Catholic procession in Belfast, Ireland, Monday lastt. Many persons were injured.

—The Philadelphia *Times* says D. O. Barr is a gay political trooper, and will whoop himself into the Treasury Department.

—It is stated that a Jerseyman cleared two hundred dollars on an acre of cucumbers; it is not stated how much the doctors cleared.

—Mr. Levi Smith, living near Mechanicsburg, who was bitten by a pet dog on the 4th of July, died on Thursday night of hydrophobia.

—Horace McQuay, aged eighteen years, sat down on the railroad track, near Watsontown, on Thursday afternoon, fell asleep and was cut to pieces by a train.

—George Culp, an old man, living in Ashland township, Clarion county, died on Friday from eating bread that had been poisoned. Suspicion points to his daughter-in-law.

—"Rev." Ann Oliver is a woman about twenty-eight years of age who preaches regularly in Brooklyn, and who is said to be one of the most attractive pulpit orators of the city.

—Harvey Chester ran off not long since from Washington county, Ky., with his half-aunt, and married her in Jeffersonville. Two years ago his brother married his step-grandmother.

—Two small children of William Crossman, who resides at Rockville Centre, L. I., were fatally poisoned on Friday by drinking from a can which had contained Paris green.

—The Hagerstown (Md.) *Globe* says that an employee of the Antietam paper mills, while sorting a lot of old paper recently, found a copy of the laws of England published in 1662.

—Mrs. Barbara Heim, aged 33, and Mrs. Catharine Miller, aged 28 years, were killed by a train while walking on the Junction Railroad bridge in Philadelphia on Friday morning.

—Danny Davis, of Reading, who is twenty-three years old, forty-eight inches high, and weighs forty-eight pounds, will sing bass in Liliputian Opera Company, for $25 per month and expenses.

—While assisting at a barn raising Friday afternoon, near Durham, Ont., Joseph Wighton and William Richardson were instantly killed by falling timber. Nine others were seriously injured.

—At the Pan-Presbyterian Council to be held in Philadelphia next year, among the subjects set down for discussion are the inspiration and the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the future retribution of the wicked.

—A deposit of $115 was made in the Portsmouth (N. H.) Savings Bank in June, 1836. Last Tuesday the book was presented at the bank for the first time since, and the Treasurer entered in it $1,010.70, dividends to July, 1879.

—The oldest couple, perhaps, in the State of Pennsylvania, are Pope Bushnell and wife, of Dyberry, Wayne county. They are ninety years of age. They were married in 1812, and built the house they now occupy in the heart of the woods in 1817.

—A fire broke out in the Latin quarter of Serajevo, Turkey, on Friday, which destroyed a thousand buildings, including two churches. Two soldiers were killed and ten thousand persons are rendered homeless. The fire was caused by an explosion of spirits.

—Rev. Dr. Lawrence McMahon was on Sunday last consecrated Bishop of Hartford, Conn., in the Cathedral of that city, by Archbishop Williams, of Boston. Six bishops, one hundred and fifty priests, and an immense concourse of people witnessed the interesting ceremonies.

—A few weeks since Martin Roberts, a small Ohio boy, found a pearl in a mussel which he picked up on the banks of the Miami river. The gem proved to be of remarkable purity and it weighed six karats. It has been sold for $350 and the money invested for the benefit of the lucky youth.

—Among the several hundred newspaper items about hens' eggs the following from the Fincastle, Botetourt county, Va., *Herald*, leads: "A. H. Keeling, Daleville, has a hen egg which for size beats anything we have heard of lately. It was by actual measurement 9½ inches in circumference lengthwise, and 6½ inches around.

—Mitchell Jefferson, of Scottville, Va., found the coffee in his cup very bitter, and turned it back into the pot. Soon afterward his mother-in-law poured some coffee from the pot, drank it and died. Mrs. Jefferson then confessed that her mother had induced her to attempt to kill her husband by putting poison in his cup.

—The Garden City (Kan.) *Paper* says that C. J. Jones has in his possession a spear of grass that is sixty-eight feet long, which grew on the bottom near the river. The above story sounds incredible, but any one doubting it can come and see for themselves, and if it is not the length stated we will pay all expenses of the trip.

—Two Pittsburg policemen found a man, named James McKenna, at the foot of a cellar stairway, on Penn avenue, near Eleventh street, on Saturday morning, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Investigation proved that he had fallen through a window while intoxicated and that the cut was inflicted by the broken glass.

—A crowd of people was attracted to a house in Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday night, by a report that it was "haunted." While a number of persons were standing on a high porch in front of the house, awaiting "manifestations," the porch gave way and threw them to the pavement, ten feet below. Nine persons were injured, one fatally.

—Snow is shoveled out of a large granite building in Boston every morning, and the boys may play at snowballing in a temperature of 90 degrees, if they are quick about it. This building is a warehouse for the storage of perishable provisions, and the air in it is kept at 40 by refrigeration with ammonia. The snow gathers constantly in the machine room.

—Betsey Grubb, the daughter of a white planter at Wytheville, Va., married a full-blooded negro, and went to live with him in a log cabin. Such a union is criminal, according to Virginia law, and the girl's parents had her husband arrested. When he was arraigned before a magistrate she kissed him affectionately and declared that she would never desert him.

—Governor Hoyt has issued warrants for the execution, on October 9th, of John O'Neill and Peter McManus, of Northumberland county, Mollie Maguires—convicted of the murder of Cor oner Hesser, near Shamokin, in 1874; also for the execution of Andrew Tracy, a young lawyer of McKean county, who murdered a young lady to whom he was paying attentions.

—Mrs. Julia Irwin, the woman who was so terribly cut in the Weiss tragedy in Pittsburgh two weeks ago last night, was discharged on Saturday from the West Penn Hospital. Her husband, J. J. Irwin, arrived in Pittsburgh from Altoona on Saturday morning, but he said he did not intend to have anything further to do with the woman.

—Rev. Theophilus Van De Moortel, a Jesuit priest of Chicago, who recently created a sensation by publicly renouncing Catholicism in favor of the Episcopal form of the orthodox faith, has augmented that sensation by publishing a retraction and his resolution to return to the Catholic Church, "that opens its arms to receive an erring child."

—Henry J. Stewart, of Jasper, Ga., sends to the Savannah *News* a natural curiosity in the shape of a sweet potato. The *News* says: "It was grown by G. H. Ancrum, and is a wonderful freak of nature, being an exact imitation of a snake coiled up as if in the act of striking. The resemblance is really startling. This curiosity is of the 'nigger killer' variety —a very appropriate name."

—Preston, Conn., is greatly exercised over a cat and her antics. A resident of that place being troubled by rats, bought what passed for a good mouser. When the servant girl went into the cellar the other day she was shocked to see a large rat eating from the same dish with the new cat. Other members of the household were whispered to and stealing up on tiptoe witnessed the spectacle.

—Caspar W. Nye, one of the principal witnesses in the Raber murder trial at Lebanon, has been arrested on suspicion of having beaten to death Cyrus Craig, a colored man who was found dead a short distance from Dauphin, Pa., on the 26th of July last. Information was made before a Harrisburg Alderman on Friday by a brother of the deceased, and Nye was committed for a hearing.

—At the funeral of Mrs. Tifft, at Mystic Bridge, R. I., a neighbor rummaging in a bureau drawer found a watch that had long before been stolen from him. This led to a search by other persons whose residences had been visited by burglars, and it was found that the Tifft house was a store of plunder. The thief proved to be the deceased woman's son, who had been an active member of the Baptist church.

—The Olathe (Kansas) *Progress* says that Miami county can boast of a family containing three of the heaviest persons, for their age, in the State. The weighty trio are a boy seven and a half years old, weighing 111½ pounds; a lady, seventeen years of age, weighing 272 pounds, and a young man of twenty years, who pulls down the beam at 295 pounds. They say the warm weather affects them only by increasing their flesh.

—A ship carpenter at Belfast, Me., has concluded to spend the rest of his life in a chair. When wages were reduced he declined to work any longer, and seated himself in a rocking chair near his sitting-room window. There he remains all day long, only rising to go to his meals or to bed. His chair rockers have worn grooves in the floor, and on the window sill, where he drums idly as he rocks to and fro, are the imprints of his fingers. He is supposed to have some savings on which he and his wife live.

—Nathan G. Sayles, of Golden, Cal., who is sane now, and probably has never been insane, has had some hard experience in being confined as a crazy man. The persecutors were his wife and daughter, who would be benefited by his dying intestate. He says on oath that they induced a jury of his enemies to pronounce him insane, hired a brute to keep him upon his farm, reviled him when, in an effort to escape, he was lassoed and had a leg and hip broken by his jailor; and finally that they stole his property.

—A curiosity was shown us this morning, says the Lancaster *New Era* of Saturday, by Mr. D. H. Heitshu, druggist on North Queen street, in the shape of a two-bodied chicken. Two sets of organs were evidently formed, as the bodies were joined near the head. The bodies were perfect, and are joined about half the length of the body. It was sent to Mr. Heitshu to put in alcohol for preservation, and is the property of Mr. Nicholas Zuppler, living on the farm of Mr. Ben Evans, on the Fruitville turnpike.

—Nine years ago a young man named Lafeton, employed by William Wallace Ward, proprietor of a small hotel near the Market street depot, Jersey City, was taken sick and died. Mrs. Ward took care of him, and her husband buried him. Some time afterward the young man's mother, living in New York, heard of her son's death, called on Mrs. Ward, expressed her gratitude, and on parting said, "You will hear from me again." On Tuesday Mrs. Ward was informed that Mrs. Lafeton had just died and left her $5,000.

—Perhaps the most remarkable exhibition of pluck and promptness on record was recently shown by a miner's son at Hollis, Ill. It is said that the father, Thomas Harland, lighted a slow match leading to a blast, and signaled to be drawn up the shaft. He struck a projection and was thrown back to the bottom of the shaft, where he lay with a rib broken. Realizing his father's peril young Harland slid down the seventy feet of rope, lacerating his hands terribly, but reached the bottom in time to tear the match from the fuse and prevent the explosion.

—The trial in Philadelphia of Eugene Waltz, charged with felonious assault on the person of Viola Savoy, a child eight years old, one evening recently, occurred on Friday, before Judge Peirce. The prisoner's head was bandaged by reason of wounds inflicted by the child's father at the time of the hearing. The proof against him was complete, and a verdict of guilty was promptly rendered by the jury. Judge Peirce sentenced him to pay a fine of $8,000 and undergo an imprisonment for fifteen years at separate, solitary confinement at labor in the eastern penitentiary. The sentence was received by the audience with cheers, though the prisoner protested his innocence.

—A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times*, dated New York, August 9th, says: Edwin Forrest, driven by John Murphy, made the fastest mile that was ever made in the world, this afternoon, on the three-quarter track on Mr. Bonner's farm, near Tarrytown. The first quarter was made in 32¼, the three-quarters in 1.38¼ and the full mile in 2.11¼. Three watches were held on him. The fastest made the mile in 2.11¼, and the slowest in 2.12. The time, according to rule, is 2.11¼. Forrest, a year ago, before Mr. Bonner bought him, trotted a mile in public at Hartford in 2.14½, and it is Mr. Bonner's intention to show him once more in public so that the people at large can see the great improvement in the horse's speed.

—A curious plant has been discovered in Wisconsin which produces a kind of cotton and flax from the same stalk. It has already been woven into fabrics, and, as any article that will make as good cloth as can be made from this plant will make good paper, it has been called the paper plant. It can be planted in the spring and cut in the fall and winter. It bleaches itself white as it stands, and will yield at least three or four tons to the acre. From a single root that was transplanted in Appleton last spring grew twenty large stalks, with 505 pods (containing the cotton), with at least sixty seed in each. From this root were obtained seven ounces of pure cotton and over half a pound of flax. It is a very heavy plant, and grows from six to seven feet high.

No Good Preaching.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

Presence of mind has lately proved valuable in several interesting cases. Henry Kuhn, at the bottom of a Dubuque well, drove his pickaxe into the side, and stood under it when he saw the earth-laden bucket falling, thus saving himself from being crushed. John Carey, when lightning struck the New Haven mill of which he was foreman, knocked down three of the panic stricken operators, who were madly rushing toward the narrow exit, and so prevented a dangerous jam on a stairway. Mrs. Dunkin, of Long Prairie, Minn., was threatened with an axe by her crazy son. She said, "Well, if you want to cut my head off, let's go to the chopping block." He nodded, and they passed out to the woodpile. It was dark, and addressing him with, "Now, I'll put my head on the block," she drew the white kerchief from her neck and threw it down and slipped away. The lunatic struck the kerchief a heavy but harmless blow. Julia Clark, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been. Ten men started down the shaft of a Nevada mine in a small skip. The donkey engine broke, and the miners felt their vessel sink downward with lightning speed. Deathly fear turned every face white. In the panic most of them clutched the skip to wait for the crash. At the first intimation of disaster Patrick McCarthy, the engineer at the top of the shaft, seized a heavy plank and thrust the end between the pinion-shaft and the reel, from which the cable was running off. The drum was revolving with terrific speed, and the friction produced streams of fire and smoke. But the engineer's thrust was exactly at the right point, and the end of the board soon checked the descent, bringing the skip to a standstill a few feet from the bottom.

Facts Incontrovertible.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will substantiate the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $3.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $6.75 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell white laundried shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; undershirts and drawers from 20c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out all kind of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1230 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

Charles Simon,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

A Spotted Negro.—An esteemed friend in Webb City, says the Little Rock *Gazette*, sends us the followidg:

> "Of the seven wonders of the world the United States furnish five—the Mammoth Cave, the Niagara Falls, the Natural Bridge, the Hot Springs, and last but not least, the Ethiopian who is changing his color. The two last belong to Arkansas, and are pre-eminently the most wonderful. The former are common in a small way, their magnitude making them remarkable. But the latter stand unapproached in the history of the world. The public have seen or heard of the Hot Springs, but this radical, positive and permanent change of color from a very black to a very white man is a freak of nature unparalleled in the history of man. This individual, Frack Jones (ex-officio colored), having lived a quiet life of thirty years (but now fifty-five years of age) five miles south of Ozark, Franklin county, Arkansas, the public know nothing of this phenomenon. He was born black, of black parents, and remained so until he was about grown, when a white spot, resembling that of a lamb, appeared on his breast and from that the spots spread in each direction. He is now a spotted man, being about half black and half white, and becoming more and more white all the time. The spots are very decided, white being very white and black very black, except those that are undergoing the change from black to white, which are of a grayish yellow. He is in perfect health every day. I regard him as absolutely the greatest wonder of the age."

A Long Fast.—Miss Sarah Root, of Reading, became an exceedingly devout Lutheran, and finally a religious monomaniac. She believed that food was polluting, and refused to eat, declaring that she would fast forty days. How well she succeeded may be learned from the following dispatch, dated Reading, August 8th:

> The physician of Miss Root yesterday concluded that the forcing of food through a tube inserted in her nostrils must be discontinued and the patient was informed that another method would be tried, which was attempted. Rather than submit a second time, Miss Root said she would eat. She ate sparingly of a soft boiled egg and a cracker. She is very weak and greatly emaciated. It is estimated that from July 4 to August 4 she ate but a few berries and half a dozen crackers. She now seems to have an idea that her forty days are over, although she is not sure about it and will only eat through fear of another operation being performed. Miss Root's friends are in hopes that she will continue to take food naturally, but they are not certain whether she will or will not. It is also given out that she was led to her melancholy state of mind by a love affair, but this is denied by some of her friends.

A Man's Hearing Restored While Bathing.—The Harrisburg *Patriot* is responsible for the following:

> A shoemaker named Winters, residing in the vicinity of Broad street, between Fulton and Margaretta streets, lost his hearing during an engagement in which he participated in the late rebellion, and was much annoyed in consequence. A few evenings ago he went into the river for the purpose of bathing, and while thrusting his head under the surface of the water he thought he heard a loud report. Instantly raising his head he was surprised to find matter running from one of his ears, and a little while afterward was astonished to find that his hearing had been actually restored. The only inconvenience he now finds from the occurrence is the fact that persons who have known him for years still continue to talk loud or shout at him, when in reality he hears as well as anybody else since the night he took the bath in the river.

State Fair!

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
—OF THE—
PENNA. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
—WILL BE HELD IN—
MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING,
Fairmount Park, Philad'a,
September 8th to 20th, 1879, Inclusive.

Entries and Competition FREE!

Entry Books will close at the office Northwest corner Tenth and Chestnut streets, September 2d, 1879.

$15,000 in Cash Premiums.
CASH PRIZES for Live Stock, $9,000.

A Ring, for exercise and parade of Horses and Cattle, will be provided.

☞ Liberal Premiums are also offered for Fruits, Flowers, Ornamental Plants, Products of the Farm and Dairy, Tools, Implements, Machinery, Textiles, Furniture, Manufactured Goods, &c., &c.

Excursion Tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates on all railroads centring at Philadelphia, and liberal arrangements for transportation have been made.

WILLIAM S. BISSELL, President.
D. W. Seiler, Recording Secretary.
Elbridge McConkey, Corresponding Secretary.
Aug. 15, 1879.-3t.

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

$1200 profits on 30 days' investment of $100 —Official Reports, sent free.— Proportional returns every week on Stock Options of $20, - $50, - $100, - $500. Address T. Potter Wight & Co., Bankers, 35 Wall St., N. Y.

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

Important Announcement!

JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.

THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to

ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.

We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and our only alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the needed room.

The only time to do this is during August and September, the dullest periods of the year.

To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be removed or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and depreciation from dust during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost.

The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.

THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.

Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are advancing in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way of the

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

And Improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.

It is unnecessary to say that the qualities of our goods are the best. We do not mean to lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange and Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, in building up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons who are depending on us.

We only add that it will be to the interest of the people in city or country to buy during this

GREAT ALTERATION SALE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, and everything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear, whether in large or small quantities, promptly forwarded by mail or express, and exactly as ordered, but even then, if not as expected, cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded. Write a postal card, specifying what you desire, and samples, with full instructions for ordering, will be mailed you, postage paid, without any obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory. For immediate attention, address MAIL DEPARTMENT FOR SAMPLES AND SUPPLIES.

John Wanamaker,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, Market and Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.

REAL FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

The thoughtful and discriminating portion of the public who purchase

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Will see with even but little consideration that the old house of Wanamaker & Brown is in a position to give superior advantages to its patrons. These advantages consist in supplying goods that are

First--Properly Made Up.
Second--Materials Shrunken.
Third--Excellent in Fit.

The cut and finish of our Men's and Boys' Clothing is of a character to outrank the

ORDINARY CUSTOM WORK.

We found out long ago by actual experience that garments bought up from the Wholesale Stores are by no means so reliable as those made up under our own personal supervision. Neither will the cut and general style (after wearing) bear a comparison to our own careful make. By making our own goods the

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER

Are brought in direct contact, and as a consequence the latter reap no small advantage.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

This forms a very considerable portion of our business, and we are satisfied that we can convince any one that we always offer the Handsomest and Best Finished Goods known to the trade.

LOW PRICES

Do not always mean good value. On this head we shall only say that when Style and Quality are taken into account, we are not, under any circumstances, ever undersold, and seldom do the prices to which dealers fall come as low as our first and only one fixed price to everybody.

OUR STOCK IS ENORMOUS,

Especially in thin goods, suited to the present weather. Inviting a visit and recommendation from our friends,

We Remain, Very Respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
The Largest Clothing House in America.
OAK HALL, - Sixth and Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

SIX CORD
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
Paris, 1878
AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876,
As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
TRY IT
S.F.T.
MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.
MEDALS AWARDED
PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON.
SOFT FINISH

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and number and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

State Normal School
Indiana, Pa.

Building, the best of the kind in the United States.
Accommodations for 400 Boarders.
School first-class in all respects.
Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial, Musical.
The Fall Term of 13 weeks will open on
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879.
Expenses as low as those of any other school affording equal advantages and conveniences.
For Catalogue, address
JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D., Principal.
Aug. 8, 1879.-2m.

GREAT REDUCTION

[INSTITUTE AND GROUNDS.]

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE
AND FEMALE COLLEGE,
RANDOLPH, N. Y.

It is a large and thoroughly [illegible] for both sexes. [illegible] Excellent board and [illegible] throughout. [illegible] 14 weeks, $49.50 [illegible]
Prof. J. T. EDWARDS, D.D., Principal.
Fall Term opens August 28. [illegible]
July 18, 1879.-8t.

MEADVILLE
Business College.

A thorough course in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Telegraphing, Drawing, English Branches, &c. Send for circulars and specimens of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship. Enclose six cents in stamps. Address A. W. SMITH, Meadville, Pa.
Aug. 1, 1879.-3t.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - AUG. 15, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION RECALLED.

By virtue of a resolution this day adopted by the Democratic County Committee directing me so to do I hereby call upon the members of the late Democratic County Convention of Cambria county to reassemble at the Court House in Ebensburg on the third Monday, being the 18th day of August, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of *nominating a County [illegible]* and discharging such other duties as to them appertain.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
Chairman of Democratic County Committee.
Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Yoder township is to be divided in name as it is already in nature.

—The Pennsylvania anti-tramp law goes into effect in this State to-day.

—The number of new pavements being laid in town is gratifyingly large.

—Gallitzin has decided to purchase borough scales. That's the weigh to "balance all."

—Blackberries sell here at three cents per quart, and the supply is in excess of the demand.

—A large lot of men's hats just received at Teitelbaum's, Loretto, marked from 50 cents to $2.50.

—M. J. Teitelbaum, of Loretto, has received a lot of new goods this week. Go and look at the display.

—The Reade block, on Centre street, as well as Mr. Reade's fine residence, on High street, has lately been artistically repainted.

—Publication of the Mt. Union *Times*, Huntingdon county, has been discontinued. Too little patronage is what is complained of.

—The Prohibition State Convention to nominate a State ticket, etc., will be held in Altoona on Wednesday, the 9th of September next.

—Mrs. Mary Lockard, of Clearfield county, gave a picnic near her residence the other day in celebration of the 104th anniversary of her birth.

—Captain Woodruff, of Johnstown, was badly injured a couple of weeks ago by being thrown from a buggy. We are pleased to know that he is recovering.

—The Lancaster *New Era* of Saturday notes the fact that Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., one of the leading attorneys of this place, is in that city on professional business.

—Fears are entertained by the physicians that Cambria City will be visited by malignant diphtheria in an epidemic form. A large number of cases have been reported.

—The biggest black bass of the season was caught in Shenkle's dam on Monday evening by Mr. Jack Illig. It measured 14½ inches in length, and weighed one and one-half pounds.

—A match game of base ball will take place at Kittanning Point, on Saturday afternoon next, between the Mutuals of Altoona and Xanthas (classic cognomen) of Johnstown.

—The Young America base ball club of this town played the Quicksteps of Altoona in the latter place last Saturday for a purse of [illegible]. The score was 15 to 7 in favor of the Altoona boys.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says that the summer resort at Newton Hamilton began business Tuesday and will run for ten days. It probably meant simmer resort instead of summer resort.

—The *Herald's* elopement case may be a [illegible], but some there are who don't seem to take much stock in the story, especially that part of it relating to the bloody designs of an indignant brother.

—Mr. W. W. Blair, of this place, has secured a situation in the Pa. R. R. Co.'s paint shop at Altoona. May our friend Worth, as worth ever should, attain all the success he can possibly pa(i)nt for.

—In the United States District Court, at Pittsburgh, on Monday last, before Judge [illegible] Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt. As[illegible] third return of sale of real estate in [illegible] county confirmed absolutely.

—A large excursion party from Ohio and other points westward visited Lloydsville, this county, per the Pennsylvania and Bell's Gap railroad, on Wednesday last. Conductor [illegible] had the party in charge.

—The grasshoppers are said to be badly engaged in threshing oats for some of the farmers in Susquehanna township and parts [illegible] and don't seem to care whether the [illegible] is standing or lying on the ground.

—Johnstown is not going to have a driving park after all—at least not this season. The managers failed to raise the sum of money required to buy the necessary ground, and the project has as a consequence been abandoned.

—The newspaper man reckless enough to [illegible] it now descended on the mountain top [illegible] miles from Somerset last Friday has [illegible] found. Need it be said that he is [illegible] of the Johnstown *Tribune* establishment?

—A convention of the Sabbath Schools of the Westmoreland, Monongahela and Conemaugh Presbyteries of the United Presbyterian Church will be held in Blairsville next week, beginning on the 19th and continuing until the 20th.

—A United States Army surgeon, named Dr. J. A. Fitzgerald, died at the Logan House, Altoona, Monday night last. He was 38 years of age, and his place of residence was [illegible], Pa., whither the body was taken for interment.

—The criminal business which has thus far presented itself for consideration at the next term of our Court is brief in volume and of comparatively slight importance. By the way, it will be only two weeks from Monday next till Court meets.

—Sister Anna, of the order of St. Benedict, died of consumption at Carrolltown on Sunday last, in the 25th year of her age. Her name in the world was Mary Bailey, and her mother resides in Conemaugh borough. May her soul rest in peace.

—A tumor, weighing six pounds, was removed from the left thigh of a Gallitzin lady, Mrs. George Vockley, last Tuesday, by Drs. Miller and Ross, of Altoona. The patient is [illegible] getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

—In obedience to orders of the Postmaster General, promulgated last week the postoffice at [illegible], Cambria county, has been re-established, with Christiana Bel as postmistress, while Jacob Foust has been appointed postmaster for Scalp Level, same county.

—In consideration of the fact that a free gift has been made of the Newry branch [illegible] to the P. R. R., trains will continue [illegible] that money-sinking concern as [illegible]. The old management was unable to keep it afloat, but the new one may.

—[illegible] second the motion of the Osceola [illegible] which it says that the Altoona *Tribune* is one of the best little dailies received at [illegible] office, while its terms, only $1.50 per [illegible] makes it one of the cheapest in the [illegible] and it should be found in every household.

—[illegible] is invited to the large posters [illegible] by us and the advertisement published [illegible] here announcing the sale, on Saturday, August 30th, by Mrs. Margaret Kittell, Administratrix of Wm. Kittell, dec'd, of several valuable properties in and near Ebensburg.

—Mrs. Cook, of Woodvale, this county, a colored lady, is a living illustration of the [illegible] that the ethiopian may change his skin. [illegible] growing fairer year by year, and if [illegible] lives long enough, it is thought that eventually she will become absolutely white [illegible] the Caucasian color.

—[illegible] want to buy fresh groceries go to Teitelbaum's, Loretto. He has just shelved a [illegible] large invoice, comprising, amongst other articles, the best coffees, syrups, molasses, etc. in market. Everything will be sold at the wonderful low prices for which Teitelbaum has become famous.

—A [illegible] of traveling humbugs, one of whom [illegible] half the size of an ordinary [illegible], and both of whom could talk like [illegible], disposed of ten or twelve [illegible] worth of a so-called Indian medicine [illegible] streets last Monday evening. How [illegible] that the fools are not all dead yet.

—[illegible] and but Best seems after all to have [illegible] name of the gentleman whom our [illegible] Good, of Altoona, got away [illegible] the quoit pitching business a day [illegible] ago, but rather than spoil a bad pun, [illegible] quite natural, we have thought Best [illegible] as we found it in one of [illegible].

—[illegible] pleased to state that our kinsman, [illegible] Harlock, of Hollidaysburg, did [illegible] of his thumbs torn off, as was [illegible]. His injury was exceedingly [illegible], but he has sufficiently recovered [illegible] to resume work. It would [illegible] a hard sock on Charley if the first [illegible] been true.

—Mr. Michael McDonald, of Prospect, died in Pittsburgh Tuesday afternoon, of [illegible], aged 20 years. For three [illegible] was a student at St. Francis' College, [illegible] but recently went to Pittsburgh to [illegible] room of his brother James, [illegible] engaged in the wholesale liquor business [illegible] Liberty street.

—[illegible]ald McBride, of Minersville, who was [illegible] discharged from the penitentiary [illegible] a sentence for bigamy imposed [illegible] our county court nearly a year and [illegible] ago, was brought here and committed [illegible] on Tuesday night last to await trial on a [illegible] of adultery, which is said to be an [illegible] of the old trouble.

—Mr. D. B. Gibbons, of Altoona, is with us as we write Wednesday, and a happier, healthier, heartier specimen of the *genus homo* it would be difficult to scare up anywhere. He hasn't rings on his fingers, or bells on his toes, but he makes things lively wherever he goes. P. S. He went to Carrolltown Wednesday afternoon.

—Our butcher friend, Mr. Adam Rudolph, of Allegheny township, is the owner of a sheep of the female persuasion which in March last dropped a lamb, followed by the performance of a similar exploit during the first week of the present month. Such fecundity is considerably out of the common, and Adam is proud of that ewe.

—Dr. M. R. B. Creery, surgeon dentist, will make his first professional visit from this place to Carrolltown on next Wednesday, Aug. 20th, and remain during that and the succeeding day. As the Doctor is well known in that vicinity as a competent and careful dentist, we need not advise those needing his services to give him a call.

—Dr. C. Sheridan, Judge Hamilton, H. A. Boggs and George M. Hess, four of a committee of five appointed to "view" the new bridge over the Conemaugh at Coopersdale, inspected the structure on Saturday last and agreed on a favorable report. The cost of the bridge was $2,000, the county paying $800 and the citizens of Coopersdale the remaining $1,200.

—A tramp named Harvey B. Jackson boarded a box-car at Steubenville, O., and was locked in, and two days afterward, or last Sunday was resurrected at Altoona. Having had nothing to eat or drink on the route, his gastronomic feats at a restaurant to which he was introduced in the latter city caused fears of a famine in the bosom of the proprietor.

—We presume upon the principle of not knowing when they have a good thing some Ebensburg people are talking about starting another Democratic paper in that place. A little experience will be very helpful to some of these ambitious persons.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.* The project, if we are not much mistaken, "boss" Traugh, will end as it began—in talk.

—The Pennsylvania railroad freight shop of Altoona has received an order for the building of fifteen hundred box cars. This is additional to the eight hundred now in course of construction for the Car Trust Company of Pennsylvania. This order will require a large amount of labor and material, and will necessitate some of the shops to work over time.

—Mr. George A. Good, the popular music dealer of Altoona, and Mr. Jacob Best, of Greensburg, pitched three games of quoits, last Saturday, in Altoona, for $50 a side and the championship of Western Pennsylvania. The first-mentioned gentleman won the money and the title. Good for Good, who has thus proved himself better than Best as a pitcher of quoits.

—Mrs. Walker, wife of ex-Paymaster Walker of the U. S. Army, and a sister of Hon. James G. Blaine, is at present sojourning with two or three of her young sons at Belmont, in this place, the latter, who are attending school somewhere in the east, having come here with their mother to spend the vacation instead of going to their far-off home in Montana Territory.

—Miss Eva Ritter, of this place, whose serious illness at Catawissa, Columbia county, was noticed by us two weeks ago, died in that place on Thursday morning of last week. The deceased was much esteemed in this community, and all who knew her will be sorry to hear of her untimely death. We failed to learn her age, but presume she was about thirty-five years old.

—Mrs. Delila Evans, wife of Dr. D. W. Evans, of this place, died of consumption, on Tuesday last, after a long and painful illness, aged about 50 years. The bereaved husband and children have our sincere sympathies in their great affliction, rendered the more poignant by the fact that the deceased was all that a loving wife, fond mother, obliging neighbor and sincere christian could be.

—In accordance with orders issued by Governor Hoyt, Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, the Fourth brigade will be inspected at Braddocks, Pa., on Friday and Saturday, September 12th and 13th, prox. The Fifth regiment, Col. Burchfield, is embraced in this brigade, and to the Fifth belong Captain Davis' Ebensburg company and Captain Morrell's Wilmore company.

—Mitchell Dunlap, sentenced from this county at the last September session of Court to the Western Penitentiary for the term of one year, on conviction of larceny, was discharged from confinement last week by reason of expiration of sentence, commutation for good behavior having shortened the term about one month. His place of residence is notorious "Bagtown," in Susquehanna township, to which point he proceeded last Friday.

—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* that the properties of James Lynch and William Grant, the bondsmen of Michael Quinn, the defaulting tax collector of Conemaugh borough, were sold on Saturday. Mr. Lynch's house was bought by Solicitor Brown, for the borough, for $1,010, and Mr. Grant's place was knocked down to Charles Canny for $250. The amount embezzled by Quinn, who is now in the penitentiary, was about $2,500.

—William Alt, charged with refusing to assist a Johnstown officer in making an arrest, and committed to jail, was last week discharged from that institution on bail. Robert Creswell is the name of a man from White township who was put in limbo several months ago on the charge of wife desertion. He also was turned loose, on his own recognizance, the same day. These proceedings were had during the session of Argument Court.

—Mrs. Margaret Jane Karns Potts, wife of Judge James Potts, of Johnstown, died at her residence on Saturday last, aged 60 years. The same day, Mrs. Emily E. Barnes, wife of Judge John F. Barnes, also of Johnstown, bade adieu to earthly scenes, at the age of 52 years. Both ladies were highly esteemed, and their deaths will be mourned by the social circle of which they were ornaments as well as by their husbands and families.

—It may be true, as announced by the *Herald*, that a new Democratic paper is to be established in this place in course of a few weeks, but as we have failed thus far to locate the prominent lawyer whose name is to appear as editor, and have not yet found any one who seems to know anything about the alleged project, we incline to the opinion that the story won't wash without fading. However time will tell what's what and who's to do it.

—Our good friend Tyhurst, of the Huntingdon *Globe*, has had "something sweet to tell" about us on several occasions, but nothing he has ever written tickled our vanity more agreeably than the way in which he refers this week to the rumored establishment of another Democratic paper in this place. Thanks, indeed, many thanks, dear Brother Tyhurst, and rather than prove unworthy of your esteem and good will may we find it convenient to lay down and die first.

—There are not two Dromios in our midst, so far as we are aware, but there are two Charley O'Donnells with us at present writing. One of these is our pleasant and popular young Prothonotary, who is always with us when he ain't away, and the other is a cousin of that gentleman, an insurance agent of Philadelphia, who, like his kinsman, is young in years, happy in heart, and genial and gentlemanly in disposition. Long may the two Charlies survive and flourish. Carrolltown *News* please copy.

—Mr. John Rodrigue, of New York city, spent a portion of the past and present week in our midst as the guest of his much esteemed friend, John E. Scanlan, Esq., and although fully five years have elapsed since his previous visit, we are glad to know that he met many of his old acquaintances and received a hearty welcome from all. Mr. Rodrigue is one of the most intelligent, honorable and courteous young gentlemen we have ever met, and the only objection we have to urge against him is that he don't come to see us half often enough.

—The Ebensburg picked nine of base ball tossers have received a challenge from an Altoona nine to play a match game, on their grounds, at as early a day as can be made mutually satisfactory. It will be accepted, but the game will likely not come off for a couple or three weeks from date. Apropos of base ball: The Ebensburg nine owe a return game to Capt. Carroll's Johnstown nine, and common courtesy demands that it be played this season. The latter nine are anxious to return the courtesies extended them while here on Independence day.

—Ex-Register and Recorder James M. Singer, and family, for a half dozen years past residents of Ebensburg, have gone back to Jackson township, their former home, to live. They will occupy the farm of the heirs of Mr. George Wehn, deceased, as tenants, and in their resumed capacity of tillers of the soil we wish them success. If oil is struck in the experimental well now being drilled out there, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they will soon be in the centre of the population and wealth of the county.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* is abreast of the times with snake stories. On Friday of last week, it says, on the Goyler farm, near Geistown, Messrs. John E. Rhoads, of Millville, and Waldo Bessey, of Richland township, killed a snake of the garter species that contained no less than seventy-four little snakes. The old one measured two and a-half feet in length. The same day, Joseph Bishop, of Upper Yoder, killed thirty-five rattlesnakes within a space of four feet on the Shenkle farm, near his home. There was a regular nest of the varmints behind a big rock, and it required only a few blows but a good bit of nerve to dispatch the entire lot.

—We received a welcome visit on Saturday last from our old and respected friend, Mr. Peter McNally, of Altoona. More than forty years ago Mr. McN. resided in Munster, four miles east of this place, where he carried on the tailoring business. This was during the time that the old Portage railroad was being constructed. After that he removed to Hollidaysburg, where he continued at his business until a few years ago, meantime amassing quite a competence, when he changed his location to Altoona. Although old age has left its traces upon him, we were glad to know that he enjoys excellent health, and we trust that he may live to enjoy many more years of peaceful prosperity.

—On Monday evening, at a point a short distance east of Johnstown, one of the drivers of the locomotive attached to the Fast Line east broke, throwing the parallel rod up through the floor of the cab. This frightened the fireman, a young man named Walter Dobson, whose home is in Greensburg, and he ran over to the engineer's side of the engine and jumped off while it was going at full speed. The train was stopped immediately, and on going back Dobson was found lying unconscious with a fractured skull. He was taken back to Johnstown, where he received prompt medical attention. Next morning he was removed to his home at Greensburg, and at last accounts was not expected to live.

—Co. A, Captain Davis, of the Fifth regiment, about 40 strong, went into the outskirts of town last Saturday afternoon to shoot mark at a target. The first two rounds were at one hundred yards distance. All the shooting was exceptionally good, but the string of private Harry Foster—47½ inches—proved the best. At two hundred yards, one round only was fired, and owing to the lateness of the hour and the consequent lengthening of the shadows, the target was struck only five or six times. Some more practice of the same sort, but at a yet greater distance, will be indulged in on Saturday afternoon of next week. The intention is to ascertain who are the best marksmen, to a given number, in each company, and then form a crack regimental team.

—The residence of Gen. Joseph McDonald, at the north end of Centre street, has been rented and taken possession of by a party of scientists connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, who will occupy it till the first of next October. Their business will be the amplification of surveys already made by direction of Congress, the same to be hereafter published for general information. A line of telegraph from the office in this place to connect their headquarters with the Pittsburgh Observatory is to be erected at an early day and over this line they will have communication thence which shall be absolutely uninterrupted. Outside their regular duties, weather reports are to be furnished and the precise latitude and longitude of Ebensburg, it is promised, will be determined. Up to the date of the expiration of the temporary lease of their house and furniture, General McDonald and family will reside under the roof of his son-in-law, Mr. J. A. Shoemaker.

—Hon. Thomas Collins and wife, whose arrival in Philadelphia from London we noticed in our last issue, are at present sojourning at Mr. Collins' old home in this place, but as that gentleman very politely but very emphatically declined to be interviewed by any of the newspaper reporters of the Quaker City we have not had the heart to attempt the feat. Still we entertain the hope that either himself or his amiable "better half" will in due time furnish us with the necessary data for what we are sure could be made an interesting and instructive story of their adventures and experiences in the wilds of Brazil. For the present, however, we must content ourself and our readers with the assurance that Mr. and Mrs. Collins are both in the enjoyment of excellent health, that there is good reason to believe that the financial difficulties which stand in the way of the completion of the Madeira and Mamore railroad will soon be fully and happily overcome, and that Mr. Peter F. Collins at latest account was to leave Brazil by the first steamer and will probably reach home early next month. To all which we say Amen with a hearty good will.

—Mr. Owen Cunningham was some years ago an extensive and well-known lumber manufacturer and merchant of this place, but misfortune overtook him and he became bankrupt, and latterly his residence has been in Carrolltown. On Tuesday of the present week, Constable Wherley proceeded to that place and took Mr. Cunningham into custody. The charge against him, preferred by Mr. Wm. T. Youart, of Lancaster, is that he (Cunningham) has been the hero of some work of an extremely crooked description. Mr. Youart alleges that not long since he visited him, and through false and fraudulent representations, he succeeded in obtaining his note for $75, which he subsequently sold to Mr. James Maitland, formerly of this place, but now of Lancaster, for the sum of $28, from him (Youart) the sum of $75, with which he was to purchase lumber, though he may never have said when he would do it. Officer Wherley took his prisoner to Lancaster Tuesday night, where a hearing would be given him before Alderman A. B. Sperrier, the official whose name was attached to the warrant of arrest. Several other parties in that city are said to have crows of the same kind to pick with Mr. Cunningham.

—We mentioned last week that "Prisoner No. 5,977" had lately died in the Western Penitentiary. It has since been demonstrated that the name of the deceased was Charles Fleens, who, along with two others, named Huber and Clark, was sent to that institution from this county at last March term of Court for stealing a horse from Mr. Jacob S. Goughnour, of Conemaugh township. His term of sentence was three years. The deceased was about 50 years of age, and was a shoemaker by trade, with his headquarters in Johnstown. His wife and children have always been professional beggars, pestering the life out of the people of that place for years with their importunities for alms, but a few weeks ago these, following an example set by the aged mother of Mrs. Fleens, took up quarters in the county almshouse, where they are at present located. A letter from the warden of the penitentiary to the Johnstown *Tribune*, from which paper the foregoing particulars are gleaned, says of Fleens and his death: "At first he was troubled with liver complaint, then with jaundice, and at last with obstruction of the gall duct. The old man was very patient and calmly awaited his end. The remains were buried in Uniondale Cemetery."

—The Catholic church in this place is to be the scene during the next two weeks of a series of religious exercises which will be both interesting and edifying. First there is to be a sermon this (Friday) forenoon, the Feast of the Assumption and a holy day of obligation, by Rev. Father Denny, a Jesuit priest of Baltimore, a convert to the Catholic faith, and a member of the celebrated Denny family of Pittsburgh, who has few, if any superiors as an able, eloquent and efficient pulpit orator. In the afternoon there will be a reception of the Sodality, a society composed of young men and ladies of the congregation, at which a discourse appropriate to the occasion will be delivered by the same Rev. gentleman. This is to be followed on Wednesday evening of next week by a Mission to be given by Rev. Father Vincent, a member of the Passionist order, who possesses in an eminent degree the power to move the heart and convince the intellect, and who will continue his labors every evening during the week, and at late Mass on Sunday next, when the Devotion of the Forty Hours, during which preaching is dispensed with, will be inaugurated and continue until Wednesday morning following, when the exercises will close finally. The object of the mission is to prompt and prepare the members of the congregation for the fulfillment of the duties pertaining to the present Papal Jubilee, the time for obtaining the grace flowing from which will expire on the last day of the present month.

* * *

SUNSHINE A TONIC.—There is no tonic in the world so gentle and effectual as sunshine. To bask in the rays of the sun and absorb its genial warmth, enlivens the blood, revives the circulation and imparts new vigor to the body. But that will not reach the germs of disease, if they exist in the system. Those who feel depressed, torpid, dull and "blue" may rest assured that there is some hidden, subtle poison corroding their vitals, which only requires time to show itself in a more aggravated form. There is no substance that is as reliable and prompt as Sandaline. It reaches every recess of the human organism, eradicating every particle of disease, healing all pain and soreness, and restoring the full natural vigor. Sandaline Hair Life is a fragrant, delicious dressing, and makes the hair soft and glossy. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist.—Atlanta, Dec. 19, '78. Dr. Gounod, 5 West 14th St., N. Y.: About fifteen years ago I was unfortunate enough to get sick, and through mismanagement it became constitutional. I then was long troubled with eruptions on my chest, a kind of dry, scaly scab, also lumps on different parts of my body. My hair all came out and I was generally dilapidated. I tried various physicians, visited the hot springs and other places, but found no relief. Sandaline and Sandaline Hair Life have made a new man of me, and you may use this as you please. V. S. Hutton.—Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

* * *

—Federmyer, the wheelbarrow maniac, is essaying the task of walking 450 miles in six days, in New York city, his one-wheeled vehicle keeping him company.

A CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE AND ITS SAD SEQUEL.—During the absence from home a month or so ago of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., one of the most prominent and successful members of the Ebensburg Bar, his only daughter, Miss J. Helen, was united in marriage to Mr. T. H. Stophell, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, pastor of the Cambria township Congregational church, being the officiating clergyman. The bride is a winsome young lady of probably 22 summers, and up to Saturday evening last was an inmate of her father's elegant mansion, while the husband, a few years her senior, is a resident of Strongstown, Indiana county, and has a reputation which, so far as we know, is without blemish. The twain who are now one had for a considerable time kept company, though in what is understood to have been direct opposition to the commands of the lady's father—she has no mother living. Their meetings were consequently held away from the parental home, but that they had frequent opportunity to enjoy each others' society is pretty well known, and that in the end they were legally married cannot be denied. Subsequent to this marriage, which, as before stated, occurred about one month ago, Mrs. Stophell remained under her father's roof, being occasionally visited *sub rosa* by her newly-made husband. Mr. Stophell seems for a time not to have been in a position, or else lacked the nerve, to publicly claim his wife, though the marital relations existing between them was boldly avowed and unquestionably accepted by the entire community. On Saturday last, however, Mr. Stophell arrived in town and put up at the Blair House, where he was joined not long after by his faithful young wife. The intention of the wedded pair, if we are rightly informed, was to take the evening train for Johnstown, but owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances surrounding the case Mrs. Stophell was observed to be in a high state of excitement on reaching the hotel, and this was not diminished as the moments flew by. While the husband and a few friends were engaged in the effort to soothe and comfort the suffering lady, they were surprised by the abrupt entrance into the room of Mr. Mathiot Reade, the only brother of the distracted bride, who flourished a loaded revolver and seemed intent upon making short work of the man who had had the temerity to become his brother-in-law without his sanction or consent. It might have been said earlier in this to us unpleasant narrative that Mr. Reade the younger had also been inflexibly opposed to the wooing and winning of his sister by Mr. Stophell, though on what special ground has not been developed. Seeing the peril of her husband, Mrs. Stophell valiently interposed herself between his person and harm, and a moment later young Reade was disarmed through the united efforts of Mr. Stophell and Mr. Celestine Blair, son of the landlord, who chanced to be present. The revolver was found to be a new one and had to all appearances not only been recently purchased, but was heavily loaded in all its compartments. For the eternal welfare of all concerned, it is a good thing that the deadly weapon was stricken aside before time was afforded for pulling the trigger.

Such was the ending of this part of what may yet prove a real tragedy, or at least be attended with fatal results, and Mr. Reade the younger, after being unceremoniously placed *hors du combat*, as above stated, hastily left the premises. If that was all there is to relate of the sad affair it could be told without a sigh of regret; but the exciting scenes through which she had just passed proved too much for poor Mrs. Stophell, already suffering, as we have intimated, from nervous excitement, and she at once took to bed in the hotel and continued to grow worse and worse until 8½ o'clock Sunday morning, when hysterical coma intervened. In this latter condition the unfortunate lady has remained up to present writing (Wednesday forenoon), without any change in her symptoms, except that she has partaken very sparingly of liquid nourishment on several occasions, though remaining in bed meantime entirely unconscious and almost motionless. Drs. Keim and Lemmon were called in without delay and did all they could for the suffering lady, but such is the exceptional nature of the case that it was deemed advisable on Tuesday last to summon Dr. John Lowman, of Johnstown, who reached this place the same evening and at once held a consultation with the medical gentleman above named, the conclusion reached being that the stricken lady has a very slim chance for life, and even should she survive the probabilities are that her reason will be dethroned.

It is needless to say that the afflicted husband and father are constant attendants at the bedside of her whom they both love dearly, and should God in His mercy restore her once more to health and consciousness it is fair to presume that no further opposition will be made by either father or brother to a union which thus far has brought nothing but discomfort and disaster to all concerned.

Should there be any change in Mrs. Stophell's condition before our paper goes to press we will note the fact as a postscript to this hastily written account of one of the saddest episodes in real life it has ever been our duty as a chronicler of passing events to put upon record.

P. S. Since our paper was put to press Mr. Reade has called our attention to several important omissions in the above report, but as it is too late to make the desired corrections this week, we promised and shall do so with pleasure next week. Mr. Reade also informed us with head bowed in sorrow that he did not believe it possible for his daughter whose ailment he says is brain fever, to live beyond noon to-day—Thursday.

* * *

MORE OF THEM.—Here is another batch of acrostics eliminated from the fertile brain of our always original and frequently poetical correspondent, "Rob Roy," and sent us from his far-off home in the Golden State:

ACROSTIC—TO W. & B.

When Adam sewed the fig leaves with a thorn,
And hid the suit in which he first was born,
No clothing store in Paradise was found,
And e'en his couch was made upon the ground.
Mark now the change in color, fit and grade,
A Wanamaker and a Brown have made.
Know then this truth which men and boys should know,:
Each garment fits like sunbeams fit the snow.
Room just enough in which the air can move,
& yet a suit will fit you like a glove.
Blest era this for clothing cheap and fine,
Rare colors and rare patterns in design.
O what a change, 'twould make e'en granite cry;
With wide flap changed to captivating fly.
No wrinkled garments longer plague your life,
Since Brown & Wanamaker came to life.

ACROSTIC—TO R. L. J.

Rising like some tall, sun-lit peak,
On Alpine range, while landscapes spread
Below, and distance seems to speak,
Echoing back what echo said.
Rising like this, his genius bright
Transcendent sends its rays abroad,
Lighting the cold world, veiled in night,
Joining the earth again to God.
On that fair brow is wreathed the fame
He fairly won on many a field;
No prouder aims—no loftier name—
Stands blazoned on an earthly shield.
Triumphant still his genius soars
On high, above terrestrial things,
Nearer to whom his heart adores;
Success to his adventurous wings.

ACROSTIC—TO J. J. M.

James J. Murphy keeps a store,
A clothing store on Clinton street;
Mayhap you have been there before
Enjoying what they call a "treat,"
Still he's a great temperance man,
Joining the Murphy tribe long since;
Mysterious, too, he forms each plan,
Until high prices fairly "wince."
Remember he's a modest man,
Pulls no one in by care, or nose;
He sells you all the goods he can,
Yet never treads upon your toes.

ACROSTIC—TO W.

Wonderful structure, like some temple fair,
As long as broad, spread over one whole square;
No monarch e'er could boast so great a throne,
And Wanamaker calls it all his own.
Majestic aisles and transverse aisles we see,
All filled with goods as cheap as cheap can be,
Kind gents and ladies, some three hundred strong,
Each vying with the rest to please the throng
Rare sight, indeed, one hundred stores in one;
Such scenes it feasts the eye to look upon.

* * *

WE publish the announcements in our advertising columns *for pay*, and seldom trouble ourselves to enquire as to the qualities or merits of the wares advertised, further than to assure ourselves that they are legitimate and respectable. But when an article performs miracles in our midst, transforming the old to young, in appearance at least, we cannot pass it by unnoticed. We know of people who, years ago, were gray-headed and who now wear dark and glossy hair. How is this? It evidently is not colored, for it has a perfectly natural appearance instead of the harsh, dry, staring look of hair *stained* with nitrate of silver or other common hair dyes. No! it has been *restored* to its youthful color, lustre and vitality by the use of that wonder of wonders, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. It has many imitators, but there is nothing like it. The test of years only increases its fame, while its imitators die and are forgotten.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

* * *

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

* * *

BE GOOD TO THAT CHAP.—Deal with him kindly treat him with care; he went into it blindly, and has little to wear—that is, little that's nobby or not an "eye sore," for he rode the wrong hobby and missed the right store. Better by far, while seeking that suit, to have thought of the "Star" so silent and mute, by which he'd be guided to Murphy's famed Hall, where clothing is furnished to please one and all. No. 120 Clinton Street Johnstown.

[*Not entered, etc. No rights reserved.*]

SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

THIRD PAPER.

Happy we are a' thegither—
Happy we'll be ane an' a';
Time shall see us a' the blither
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

One of the pleasant and prominent features of pioneer life was the "union" policy of massing the labor-force of the settlement at one point. When a new settler came in every able-bodied man in the community lent his assistance in fitting him up a comfortable home. A chopping-bee was immediately organized, and soon the van of the forest fell under the keen axes of dexterous woodsmen. Right and left the great trees fell, and scarcely were they down until they lay in log-lengths, ready to be rolled in heaps for the burning. All went on the live-long day with joke and song and merry raillery, and ere long a black, smoky clearing appeared where a dense forest erstwhile held sway. House, stable and other improvements arose as if by magic, and presently the thankful settler found himself and his family, as well as his cattle, snugly housed, with ample space for the hay and grain of the future.

The home and surroundings of Father Gallitzin, the missionary prince and priest, furnished a notable instance of pioneer thrift and economy. Industries of various kinds flourished around his humble but hospitable dwelling or within the borders of his widely-extended jurisdiction. Wool-carding, spinning, weaving, fulling, shoemaking, tanning, and other branches of handicraft, all lent their aid to render the settlement prosperous and peaceful. There is nothing like busy industry to keep a community hale, happy and humane.—Every day there is a certain routine of duty to fill up the busy hours, and there is no room for infelicity in the constantly occupied minds of the diligent workers. Galen says: "Employment is nature's physician and is essential to human happiness." A truer proposition was never enunciated. Let the student, the professor, or the clergyman; the lawyer, the physician, or the editor; the merchant, the book-keeper, or the clerk—let these and others like them whose brains have been overworked and whose muscles have been underworked—let them just try for a short time the efficacy of muscular labor, pure oxygen and revivifying sunshine, and if they continue in the good work long enough their constitutions will rectify themselves—muscle and brain balancing each other as the great Creator intended. In a life of industry a man passes a happy youth, a useful middle age, and eventually ripens into the "sere and yellow leaf" full of years and happy memories.

As the aim in writing these sketches is to glean here and there some of those heretofore unpublished incidents and anecdotes which have heretofore escaped the notice of other writers, I will now proceed with that object in view.

The genial beams of pleasantry frequently melted the seeming austerity of Gallitzin's priestly character, and those who lived about him can narrate many anecdotes which reveal the sunny phases of his humble home-life.

An aged, respectable and well-known gentleman who in his youth lived for many years in the service of Father Gallitzin occasionally relates a story illustrative of the shifts sometimes resorted to by the young men of those days to get off to a night party or some such amusement. Gallitzin, as may be conjectured, did not countenance any nocturnal rovings, and even went so far as to see for himself that the young men about him were in bed at a proper hour. There was one young man, however, who knew full well how to out-general him in that movement. When a coon-hunting expedition or a frolic of any kind demanded his presence, the festive youth in question would go to his room as if about to retire for the night; but instead of doing so he would chuck the churn, which was always at hand, under the blankets, and when the "Doctor" went the "grand rounds" to see that all were in bed, the churn invariably came the "bulge" on him and he went his way satisfied.

On a certain occasion while journeying to Philadelphia Gallitzin tarried for a short time with a reverend friend and co-laborer at Bedford. This gentleman was solicitous that his distinguished guest should put his "best foot foremost," or, in other words, don a fashionable suit. Gallitzin took his advice and the suit which he presented, and wore it till his return from the city; but immediately on his arrival at home again, the young man who used to wander while the churn slept fell heir to the fine coat, and the "Doctor" donned his wonted habiliment.

Many more such incidents might be related, but I will conclude this time by presenting a pen-picture of pioneer life, which I am sure has never seen print before. The names are, of course, fictitious, but the incidents are founded on fact, so without farther ado I will give you the story:

It was a fine June morning in the year 18— when we started in to build a habitation on our wilderness possession. Nothing could exceed the fineness of the weather, and all nature seemed to rejoice in exuberance of life. The spot we had selected for our lonely homestead was located very advantageously in many respects, lying as it did just below the brow of a hill, which acted as a rampart against the fierce storms of the north-west; a clear, sparkling brook meandered through the valley just below, while the size and number of the tall denizens of the surrounding forest gave ample promise as to the richness of the soil. As we hewed and notched our logs, we kept our rifles leaning near at hand against a tree, for the game was very plentiful and nowise scary—gray and black squirrels chattering at us from the great overspreading branches, with the most vociferous chidings, and angry, no doubt, at our invasion of their hitherto undisputed domain. Throwing down the axe occasionally, we seized the rifle, and simultaneously with the whip-like report a fat squirrel dropped at our feet. It was not long before our cooks had an ample provision for a good dinner, and everything progressed quite pleasantly, the women folks chatting and preparing the squirrels, while we men folks hewed away at the logs.

There is an undefinable dignity about labor, it is well to remark here, which strikes one spontaneously. Let the king, or the noble, or the gentleman, meet an honest and upright laboring man, and he feels an instinctive respect for the toiler. Whether it be the general freedom from debauchery and vice, or the robust health and vigorous constitution, or, above all, the place which the laborer holds as the defender and supporter of his country—one or all of these qualities or functions command this involuntary respect.

But to resume. All went quietly on in an even tenor for a while, when suddenly one of our party, whose tongue betrayed his nativity, seized his rifle in hot haste and sang out: "Murther an' turf, boys, d'ye see yon ugly baste?—iviry ear on 'im loike the flaps of a saddle!" At this exclamation our two deer hounds sprang up and took off like mad after the fleeing animal. One glance showed us the ungainly form, great branching head-piece and flapping ears of a huge elk, whose long, loping gait rapidly increased his distance from us. Ping! ping! ping! went our rifles in quick succession, and a sudden stumble in the gait of the elk showed that he was hit. Pat. Flannigan led the hunt, hatless and coatless, tearing through the bushes like a bengal tiger after a green sportsman. On we went into the deep forest, the speediest keeping up and the slow ones falling in the rear. The two dogs, in the course of the chase, seizing each a fast hold on one of the elk's great flapping ears, hung on like a rabid lawyer to a fat client. At last the panting and harrassed animal gave out and stood at bay, vainly striving to beat off the eager hounds, now doubly savage with the excitement of the hunt. A couple of rifle-shots soon laid him low, and we immediately set about skinning him. During the flaying process, Pat. Flannigan, yet somewhat "raised" by the excitement of the hunt, espied a bear cub not far off, sitting quietly on a log and gazing at us with perfect composure. "Bad 'cess t'ye for a woolly imp, but I'll soon put ye out o' that," muttered Pat, seizing a club and creeping stealthily toward the innocent cub. When Pat got near enough, he gave the poor cub a fearful whack, which knocked it off the log, and he was just stooping to secure his prize when an uncommonly well-grown female bruin, doubtless the cub's mother, gave him a tremendous cuff which sent him on his "beam ends." Hans Kauffmann, who could scarcely speak a word of English, flew to succor Pat, and the "great bear" soon held him in a close embrace. A most uproarious hullabaloo quickly arose from the scene of action; Dutch and Irish imprecations mingled with the growls of bruin in a furious concert, and the heavy blows of Hans' mighty fist resounded on the ribs of his shaggy antagonist like Vulcan's hammer. As the squeezing grew tighter the noise grew louder, till at last the struggling two tumbled over a wind-fall. At this juncture Tim Tipton, a Yankee from Maine, who was well used to such business, strode over to the noisy party and gave bruin a few prods with his hunting-knife. This summary proceeding settled the business instanter, and soon "all was quiet along the line."

We soon skinned both bear and elk, and returned to our quarters overladen with bear meat and venison. During our absence the women folks had prepared a good dinner for us—coffee, squirrel-pie and excellent light-cakes, with strawberries and cream for desert; but, relished more than all, we soon had a savory steak of venison smoking on the board. The table was placed in a very cool and pleasant nook, near the margin of our invaluable brook, entirely shaded by the thick foliage of the overhanging boughs. It was constructed of a couple of hewn-logs raised on two short pieces, and block chairs afforded seats for all. A happier or merrier party could nowhere be found than we, and the greenwood resounded with jovial pleasantry and cheerful conversation.

After we had our meat salted away, and our skins prepared for tanning, we took a lunch about sundown; and thus ended the first day in our new home. A bright full moon flooded the scene with a deluge of silvery light, and the notes of the whip-poor-will sounded through the dim aisles of the shadowy forest. It was a fairy scene and called out the purest enjoyment which this changeable life could afford. A violin, a flute and a banjo were brought from the wagons by some of our party who practiced the "divine art," and presently music and song made the welkin ring. Thus passed the pleasant evening hours till Morpheus, the sleepy god, sprinkled the eyelids of our party with drops from his golden vase, when the women folks took possession of the wagons and the men, each wrapped in a blanket, sought out some convenient spot, and soon all was silence in the vast forest. Of course one of the men stood guard over the slumbering camp, for it would hardly do to sleep in such a wild place without a sentry.

In concluding this article permit me to remark that as the Allegheny mountains offer a wide field for sketches, I will shift my story to some other point for the next paper. A. D. H.

* * *

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.—The Altoona *Tribune* of Monday furnishes the following account of an attempted murder at Derry station, Westmoreland county, on Friday of last week, the particulars of which were published in the Pittsburgh papers of Saturday:

When the Way Passenger west stopped at Derry on Friday afternoon, James P. Lewis, a colored barber of that place, drew a revolver and shot a man named Samuel Byers, of East Conemaugh, in the back of the head. The ball grazed the skull for about two inches, and when extracted by Dr. Klingensmith the bullet was as flat as a wafer. Byers is employed on the road and was going to Derry for duty. Lewis had been at Indiana visiting friends, and states that he intended to shoot himself through the brain, because he had been drinking and could not get along. After the shooting occurred he gave himself up to Justice of the Peace Bennett, who committed him to jail at Greensburg for trial. Byers is not thought to be seriously hurt. Lewis is about 35 years of age and is said to be a bad man. It is rumored that he killed a colored barber in Indiana town a few years since. He said the shooting was accidental, but this is not believed by his friends. A Mr. Sweeney, of Indiana, who was on the train, says that Lewis talked to him about committing suicide a few minutes before the assault, which proves that he was not in a responsible state of mind. Mr. Byers on Saturday received a telegram from a friend in Pittsburgh, which read as follows: "Mr. S. S. White, who lives at No. 58 North street, Pittsburgh, was in your car on Way Passenger last evening. He says he saw the negro deliberately point the revolver at your head and fire." Mr. Byers says that he has known for some time past that the barber had a feeling of hatred against him, caused by a trifling financial difficulty between them.

A GRAND SURPRISE!
—AND A—
WELCOME ONE FOR BUYERS!
IT IS SO! SO IT IS!
AND SURE WE ARE IT IS SO!
IT IS SO, SO IT IS, THAT WE HAVE
PUT DOWN THE PRICES OF ALL KIND OF GOODS
To figures which agreeably surprise all buyers, and are now selling
LAWNS, WHITE GOODS, GRENADINES, HERNANNIS, PERCALES,
BATISTE CLOTHS, CRETONS, AND ALL OTHER
LIGHT COLORED DRESS GOODS!
AT LESS THAN COST.
Also, LINEN SUITS,
Curtain Laces in Great Variety,
Fans, Sun Umbrellas,
And a fine stock of the Ladies' Great Protectors, the
SILK GOSSAMER COATS,
AT PRICES AWAY BELOW COST.
We have a large stock of fashionable and seasonable goods, in which we are offering great bargains.
A Full Line of Carpets,
Such as Brussels, Woolen, Hemp and Rag. Also, Oil Cloths, Window Shades and Fixtures.
BOWMAN & MORROW'S
BOSS STORE,
CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREETS, ALTOONA, PA.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMBRIA TWP., August, 1879.

MR. EDITOR—With your permission I will furnish a few ink drops from the valley of the north branch of the Conemaugh in relation to a recent pleasant trip enjoyed for the most part in your company. Having got on the E. & C. R. R. train at Bradley's Cut on the occasion referred to, I advise all who want to do likewise to stand at the switch in full view of the engineer, so that he can see them in time to stop the train. If they do, it will save them the trouble and fatigue of running after the train, as I had to do. Bradley's is called a flag station, but I have never yet succeeded in finding a flag or a station at that point. However the kind-hearted conductor told me in his pleasant way to make myself visible hereafter, and that remark led me to think how many there are in the world who are too backward to come forward until it is too late to secure the prize they are seeking or gain the object they are after.

But I started out to say something about our trip, and so here goes. We reached Altoona in due time, and from there I "branched" off to Hollidaysburg, which is not the place it was thirty-nine years ago. But like people, like places—change is written on everything. Once there, I was not long in finding the doctors I was seeking, and gentlemen of the right stamp I found them to be. They understand physiology to perfection, and could tell what ails me as well as I can myself. Thanks to them for their kindness.

By the way, the rolling mill at that place belongs, I was told, to the C. I. Co., of Johnstown, and the employees say they have great reason to rejoice thereat.

While in Hollidaysburg I chanced to meet the only two men I know there. One of these is Col. Wm. K. Piper, who was all smiles and wonder to see old Dewi so far from home.

On the west or left hand side of the road coming from Hollidaysburg to Altoona, as well as along the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, which seem to frown down upon the valley below, one may look from the car window and get a glorious view of some of the most magnificent scenery mortal eye ever rested upon. As I gazed my mind reverted to my youthful days on the Atlantic shore, where an occasional opportunity was afforded for viewing the wreck of a noble ship, with hull turned upside down and the entire work of art totally destroyed. Yet there is no work of art at all to be compared to the works of nature. No sir; if the hulls of the Great Eastern and the Great Western were put together they would be naught in comparison with nature's handiwork. If I had the eloquence of Demosthenes or the ability of the greatest of known artists I could not describe or paint to life the beauties of this wonderful scene. And how peculiarly impressive are the sights to be seen in the neighborhood of the "Horse Shoe Bend," where there is enough to command the attention of the wisest geologist and excite the wonder and admiration of the ablest engineer. It is a mystery indeed how the different strata of rocks have been tossed up at this point by some powerful eruption away back in the great unknown. And, oh! what a mighty work of engineering art is the great Pa. R. R. as it winds around the sides of the highest mountains, skirts the widest and deepest chasms, and towers far above the tallest of trees! And how plain to be seen is the heavy grade on the west side of the Horse Shoe Bend, where it is almost 90 feet to the mile! Yet it is not all a subject of wonder alone, for it is almost grand enough to be worshipped. The railroad company has spared neither trouble nor expense to beautify the surroundings at this point. Inside the "Shoe" a large, level plateau has been laid out, and some of the most skillful florists have been exercising their tastes and talents in arranging elegant flower beds on the ground made and designed for the purpose, while to complete the attractive picture a handsome Swiss cottage or watch box, with heavy flat stones laid a few feet apart on the rustic roof, and all formed in accordance with strict mensuration, occupies a position in the centre of the fine grounds.

Then comes the tunnel near the summit of the mountain, which deserves to be ranked among the great wonders of the world, but of which it is needless for me to speak, so much having already been written about it.

The account of our pleasant sojourn and kind treatment at the Mountain House, Cresson, as furnished by me to the Utica (N.Y.) *Drych*, has been translated for your columns, and is herewith submitted for your kindly consideration.

Thanking the train men on the Branch road for their kindness in leaving me off so near home on the return trip, I remain,

Yours, &c., DEWI ABERARTHE.

Translated from the Drych, a Welsh newspaper published at Utica, N. Y.

* * * * * * * * * He (the editor of the FREEMAN) told me that we would have to wait at Cresson for six hours and that he would introduce me to the managers of the Mountain House summer resort as a correspondent of the *Drych*. This he did, and I was very warmly welcomed. They told me, "Anything you don't see ask for—it will be at your service; and any time you come here make yourself at home and welcome." Neither the editor nor myself, it is proper to say, drink anything intoxicating. The management of the Mountain House consist of Col. E. J. Unger, proprietor, Wm. H. Mauger, chief clerk, A. E. Lyon, steward, and S. J. Humphreys, printer and utility man. It can be said with truth that all from the highest to the lowest are very kind and courteous, while nowhere can be found more ample provision for the nourishment, entertainment and amusement of both body and mind. After supper an excellent orchestra band discoursed sweet music, and delighted indeed was I to see the youth of both sexes promenade the many inviting paths leading to beautiful sylvan retreats, where the refulgent moon is devoutly worshipped—no, no, but where romantic lovers worship each other by the pale light of the "sweet silver moon." * * * * A word more about the Mountain House and its delightful surroundings. There are two ten-pin alleys and what we call in Welsh "iglin-din-gethin" on the premises. I saw not the least sign of intoxication in or about the house, nor did I hear a single unbecoming word spoken. The place is lighted by gas inside and out, and the dining room is commodious enough to seat three hundred guests at one time. There are also many fine cottages on the grounds for the accommodation of families who wish to enjoy the comforts and maintain the privacy of home life. * * * * * * * *

I am your old correspondent,
DEWI ABERARTHE.

* * *

WHILE swinging their hoes in the weed haunted rows,
Where the beans and tomatoes are growing,
The son to his father set out to remark,
As warmly the sunbeams were glowing,
"Why like is this spot to the place that was not
Known to fame till that apple proceedin'?"
"Guess!" quoth the parent: then answered the son,
"Because 'tis the garden o' weedin'!"

The father was so much pleased at the precocity of his son as evinced in the construction of the above pun that he forthwith gave him a *carte blanche*, order for a suit of new clothes on Godfrey Wolf, next door to the post-office, Altoona. The reason why Mr. Wolf was chosen from amongst the multitude of dealers on clothing in that city may briefly be stated. Because his house has an established reputation for fair dealing; because his stock is always large and fresh; because each article is warranted to be precisely as represented and because his prices cannot be cut under. Regarding this latter consideration, Mr. Wolf says: "I will sell at prices 20 per cent lower than any other house in the city." That he is a man of his word, a visit to his large and well-filled store will fully demonstrate. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

* * *

MARY had a little corn upon her little toe, and every place that Mary went this corn was sure to go. She went to Blumenthal one day to get of shoes a pair, and of course it is fair to presume that the little corn on the little toe aforesaid went with her there. Corn or no corn, Blumenthal's boot and shoe house, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa., is the place to get very cheap, neat-fitting and comfortable foot coverings of all styles, sizes and qualities, for ladies, misses, men, youths and children.

* * *

HENRY HAUPT, of Altoona, was killed by a runaway team of horses on Wednesday.

LETTER FROM HOUTZDALE.

HOUTZDALE, Aug. 10, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN.—Weeks—nay, months—have elapsed since you had a communication from this young but prosperous town. The dedication of the new Catholic church just completed in this place through the united efforts of the Rev. Father Meagher and his congregation, gave me an opportunity to revisit my former home by special train from Tyrone. Excursion tickets were sold at Altoona, good to return, for $1.57, and leaving that city per Pacific Express at 7.35, a. m., we took the special train at Tyrone for Houtzdale, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. Here we were met by a large crowd, as well as by the Houtzdale cornet band, which, by the way, is surpassed by few similar organizations in the State, and after listening to several choice musical selections well rendered we all formed in procession and proceeded to the church, which was soon filled to repletion, notwithstanding its seating capacity is about sixteen hundred. The church building, it is proper to say, is one of the handsomest and most commodious in the diocese. Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullen, of Erie, assisted by a number of priests, conducted the impressive ceremonies pertaining to the dedication of the fine edifice, and subsequently delivered an eloquent and instructive sermon, during which he alluded briefly to the growth of Catholicity in the United States and complimented both pastor and people on the energy and zeal they had manifested in erecting such an elegant and substantial temple to the service of God. Among the officiating clergy I noticed Rev. P. J. Sheridan, of Clearfield, and Rev. Jas. Meagher (brother of the pastor), of Corry, Pa. At last Mass the congregation was composed for the most part of strangers from various parts of the county, as well as from Tyrone, Altoona, Gallitzin and other places. The organ was presided over by Miss Maggie Leary, who was efficiently assisted by Mr. H. H. Hartman and the other members of the choir in making the music all that could have been desired.

Before closing it is proper to say that after Vespers the Rt. Rev. Bishop, with the visiting clergy, went to Janesville, where they dedicated a new Catholic cemetery. Yours, &c., BYRON.

* * *

ONCE upon an evening dismal,
I gave her a kiss paroxysmal,
And called her name baptismal;
Precious name I love of yore.
Oh! she was a darling creature,
Pert of speech and fair of feature;
But, egad! you could not teach her,
For she had been there before,
And only murmured, "Buss me more!"

What further was done in the "buss" business deponent saith not, but inasmuch as the young man was shortly afterward seen at Simon & Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, 1128 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, buying a suit of elegant clothing, the presumption is strong that he was making preparatory arrangements for "bussing" his charmer for all time to come—was buying his wedding outfit, in short. By the way, is it generally known that Simon & Bendheim's stock of clothing, comprising the very latest styles, is specially attractive just now? Such is the fact, and it is also a fact that their prices, consequent to closing out for the fall and winter trade, were never so low.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1879,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

No. 1.—The interest of William Kittell, dec'd, formerly of Uriah Lloyd, of, in and to a tract of timber land situate in Susquehanna township, in said county, bounded by lands of John W. Lamer, Uriah Lloyd, Isaac Westover, Jonas Baum, Thos. Tozier, and John B. Baum, containing ninety-three acres, more or less.

No. 2.—A piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, about one-half mile from Ebensburg, bounded by the Clay Pike and lands of Edward Owens and John Kirschner, containing ten acres and sixty-three perches, all cleared and under fence.

No. 3.—A piece or parcel of unimproved land situate in Cambria township, bounded by the Beulah road, lands of Joseph Wilman, heirs of James and George Mills, and others, containing sixty-two acres and eighty-three perches.

No. 4.—A piece of ground situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded by the turnpike, Lloyd street and West street, containing about one acre.

No. 5.—A half lot of ground situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by lot of Mrs. Sarah Davis, on the east by lot of J. & H. A. Shoemaker, on the south by Lloyd street, and on the west by an alley.

No. 6.—The undivided one-half interest of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, known as the "John Gillan" farm, bounded on the north by lands of Peter Wagner and Robert Ferguson, on the east by land of Isaac Wissinger, on the south by land of A. W. Rowland, and on the west by lands of A. W. Rowland and David D. Davis, containing one hundred and twenty-three acres, more or less, about seventy acres of which are cleared and under fence, and having thereon erected a good two-story stone dwelling house, a frame barn, and other outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises and a coal bank opened, the land being underlaid by a four-foot vein of excellent coal.

[The other half interest in this farm, belonging to R. L. Johnston, Esq., will be offered for sale at the same time and upon the same terms, so that the purchaser can buy the whole farm if he desires.]

No. 7.—A piece or parcel of improved land situate in the west ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by land of F. A. Shoemaker, on the east by West street, on the south by High street, lot of Hartman Berg and land of heirs of Stephen Lloyd, deceased, containing seven and one-half acres, more or less, and having thereon erected a large two-story frame dwelling house. There is a good orchard on the premises. This piece will be sold in two portions, the house and about three acres in one part and the remainder, about four and one-half acres, in the other part, or in one whole piece, to suit purchasers.

No. 8.—A square of ground situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by Lloyd street, on the east by Spruce alley, on the south by Ogle street, and on the west by West street, containing two and one-half acres and having thereon erected a good two story frame dwelling house, a frame stable, and all the necessary outbuildings, and having a good orchard on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

MARGARET KITTELL,
Administratrix of William Kittell, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Aug. 8, 1879.-3t.

PREPARATORY to MOVING on SEPTEMBER 1st,
we will sell at very low prices our large stock of
Monuments and Gravestones
MARBLE and SLATE MANTELS,
Grates, Fronts, Fenders, &c., &c.
Our Pendulum Grate gives more heat than any other and is warranted to please. Send for circular. French Burr Mill Stones and Bolting Cloths.
219 & 221 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. W. WALLACE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the second and final account of John Wagner, Assignee of [illegible] R. Dunegan for the benefit of his creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation, on the first Monday of September next.
C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1879.-3t.

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT
—ON THE—
PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE!
Loretto, Pa.
M. J. TEITELBAUM
STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
BETTER BARGAINS! BIGGER BUSINESS!
THAN EVER BEFORE!
New Goods! New Goods! New Goods!
GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS,
Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods!
Goods Unsurpassed and Prices Unexcelled!
THOUGH NOT UNDERSOLD!
COME AND SEE!
COME AND HEAR!
COME AND BUY!
Pause! Ponder! Purchase!
Here is a partial list of the kind of goods we keep and the wonderful bargains we offer:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Suits as low as	$ 3 50
Men's Fine Suits for	5 00
Men's All-Wool Cassimere Suits for	8 00
Men's Fine Doeskin Dress Suits for	12 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest	3 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest (best)	5 00
Youths' Clothing, full suits, from $3.00 to	6 00
Boys' Clothing as low as	2 50
Boys' Clothing, all-wool, for	5 00

And all other wearing apparel at prices proportionately cheap.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

25 yards Calico for	$1 00
14 yards Heavy Gingham for	1 00
14 yards Appleton A Muslin for	1 00
20 yards Unbleached Muslin for	1 00
14 yards good Bleached Muslin for	1 00
11 yards very best Bleached Muslin for	1 00
10 yards Drilling for	1 00

All kinds of Jeans and other goods which will positively be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

2 spools Cotton Thread, warranted 200 yards, for	5c.
2 sheets Pins for	5c.
3 packets Hair Pins for	5c.
1 pair Men's Half Hose for	5c.
1 pair Ladies' Hose for	5c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

8 lbs. good Brown Coffee for	$1 00
5 lbs. Browned Rio Coffee for	1 00
10 lbs. Green Coffee for	1 00
6 lbs. Green Coffee (best in market) for	1 00
15 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1 00
12 lbs. Coffee Sugar for	1 00
11 lbs. White Sugar for	1 00
3 gals. good Syrup for	1 00
2 gals. best Syrup in market for	1 00
1 Scrub Brush for	10
1 Broom for	12
4 boxes Blacking for	10
12 boxes Coffee Essence for	25
3 boxes Lye or 3 balls Potash for	25
10 cans Tomatoes for	1 00
7 gals. Carbon Oil for	1 00
25 1-lb. cakes Soap for	1 00

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

1 pair Men's good Plow Shoes for	90c.
1 pair Men's good Buckled Shoes for	$1 15
1 pair Men's Fine Boots for	1 75
1 pair Men's best Calfskin Boots for	3 00
1 pair Women's good Shoes for	90
1 pair Women's best Shoes for	1 50
1 pair Ladies' Gaiters for	75
1 pair Ladies' best Gaiters for	1 50
Misses' Shoes, of all styles and sizes, from 90 to	1 20

A large stock of Children's Shoes at lowest prices.
A very large stock of Baby Shoes at 25c. per pair.

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Men's Hats as low as	40c.
Men's Fine Dress Hats for	$1 00
Best Hats in the market for	$1 50 up to 2 00
Boys' Hats as low as 25 cents and up to 90 cents.	

LADIES' HATS.—We have the largest stock of Ladies' Hats to be found in Northern Cambria, and will sell them cheaper than any milliner can buy them in the city. Also, a large lot of Misses' and Children's Hats at wonderful low prices.

Read and Judge for Yourselves!

☞ Please give the above list a careful examination and you will see that I have reduced everything to the utmost limit, which it was only possible to do by lopping off all expenses for clerk hire, etc., and attending to the entire business myself. Hence it is that I am able to undersell other merchants who employ clerks at large salaries and require their customers to pay for the luxury; and hence it is also that I defy any one to compete with the above prices. So come and see me, everybody, and rest assured that if I can't give you good bargains no man in the county is able to do it. At least those are the sentiments of all who have purchased goods at the "PEOPLE'S CHEAP VARIETY STORE," kept by
M. J. TEITELBAUM,
LORETTO, PA.

TRIAL LIST, SEPTEMBER TERM.—List of Causes set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1879:

FIRST WEEK.

Cambria County	vs.	Trenkley.
Glass	vs.	Trexler.
Use of Reade	vs.	McGough.
Wehn's Adm'r	vs.	Bloch's Adm'r.
Witt	vs.	Ivory.

SECOND WEEK.

Use of Doty, Parker & Co.	vs.	Louder.
Law	vs.	Klein.
Russell & Co.	vs.	Leiden.
Stemmer	vs.	Cobick.
Hopple, Bearer & Co.	vs.	Hawks.
Negley	vs.	Stineman.
Weakland	vs.	Hopple & Bearer.
Griffith & Davis' Ass'nee	vs.	Klinemyer.
Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Lantry.
Kutruff	vs.	Krotz et al.
Wolf	vs.	McGough.
Lloyd's Adm'rs	vs.	Stiles.
Alexander	vs.	Sharar's Adm'r.
Use of Scanlan	vs.	Kutruff.
Hiles	vs.	Lantry.
Ryan	vs.	Holdfelter.
Use of Marshall	vs.	Byrne.
Hawks	vs.	Hopple, Bearer & Co.
Lloyd's Assignees	vs.	Moore's Adm'r.
Cambria County	vs.	Friedhoff.
Dibert & Co.	vs.	Speichers.
Conrad's Executors	vs.	Browns.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, August 4, 1879.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER
APERIENT
Pain is a blessing. It locates disease. Whenever the bowels become irregular, use
TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
It will save much pain and danger. Nature sometimes is so outraged by the burden she is made to carry, through the heedlessness of her children, that she openly rebels, and punishes fearfully. Don't neglect the proper treatment when the symptoms first appear. Resort to the aperient, and get well speedily.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisement of property appraised and set apart for the widow of decedent under the act of Assembly of the 14th April, A. D. 1851, has been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance, on *Wednesday, the 3d day of September*, A. D. 1879, to wit:

Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Wehn, widow of George Wehn, late of Jackson township, deceased. J. G. LAKE, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

J. C. McGINLEY'S
DINING ROOMS!
For Ladies and Gentlemen.
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.
FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.
Nov. 22, 1878.-41.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZABETH BIGLEY, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Elizabeth Bigley, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
THOMAS MAXWELL, Adm'r.
Lilly's, August 1, 1879.-6t.*

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,
Surgeon Dentist,
WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.
Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

NOTICE is hereby given that the first and final account of William M. Dodson, Assignee of Jacob R. Sprout and wife for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation, on the first Monday of September next.
C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1879.-3t.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 10 Acres of Meadow Land near Wilmore which he wishes to dispose of at private sale. Said land is in good condition and will be sold very cheap. For further information call on or address F. L. [illegible] or the owner,
T. G. OSTER,
[8-29.-3m.*] Braddock, Allegheny Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—DR. ALEX. TAIT, of St. Augustine, Pa., requests parties owing him to call at his office and settle their respective accounts on or before the 15th day of *September next*, after which date his [illegible] will be left in the hands of an officer [illegible] [8-8.-4t.]

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF THE MARVELOUS.

The beautiful deceptive phenomenon known as the "mirage" is of three distinct kinds. First, there is that form of it where some distant object, below the horizon, and consequently out of the range of vision, seems to be lifted up into mid-air, and to hang suspended there—sometimes suspended in its natural position, sometimes upside down, and sometimes both ways at once; the image in this latter case being doubled, like a ship and its reflection in the water. Secondly, there is that form of it where some object high up in the air, such as a cloud, or a village on a hill, seems to be brought down and to lie floating in a vast lake stretching miles away at the spectator's feet. Thirdly, there is that less frequent form of it, where the setting sun appears to fling huge shadows of terrestial objects far out into space.

Of the first kind of mirage there are some very striking instances on record. While sailing in the Polar seas, in 1822, Captain Scoresby saw the inverted image of a ship, apparently suspended in the air, some miles distant. "It was," he writes, "so well defined that I could distinguish every sail, the general rig of of the ship, and its particular character, insomuch that I pronounced it my father's ship the Fame, which it afterward proved to be; though on comparing notes with my father when we met, I found that our relative positions at the time gave our distance from one another at nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision." In May, 1854, the captain of H. M. S. Archer, while cruising in the Baltic, saw a similar mirage of the whole British fleet, consisting of nineteen sail. Here, again, the distance between the vessels was found to be full thirty miles. In both these instances the objects seen were inverted. On the 27th of June of this year, at Hastings, a more striking example of mirage was witnessed. The whole coast of France, from Calais to Dieppe, though more than fifty miles distant, and quite out of the range of ordinary vision, seemed to be lifted up into mid-air, and was seen there, not inverted, but in its natural position, during the space of three hours, by hundreds of persons assembled upon the beach. The most remarkable instance of all, however, is that recorded by Dr. Vince. From Ramsgate, the four turrets of Dover castle may be seen on a fine day over the top of an intervening hill. While looking in this direction one evening, Dr. Vince saw the whole castle, not lifted up into the air above the hill on the other side, but to all appearances brought over bodily on this side of it. "So strong was the image," says Dr. Vince, "that I could not see the hill through it." The double mirage is seen oftenest on the shore of the Straits of Messina, where the phenomenon is known as the Fata Morgana. The images of men, horses, houses and ships are projected into the air feet to feet, or keel to keel, as the case may be, until the atmosphere looks like one huge lake, in which all these miscellaneous objects are seen floating about together.

The second kind of mirage—that, namely in which the object is brought down instead of being elevated—is most frequently seen in the arid deserts of Lower Egypt, where it often proves cruelly deceptive to the thirsty traveler. Dotted about the waste are elevations, on which the natives have built their villages, in order that they may be safe from the floods during the periodical inundations of the Nile. In the heat of the day, the mirage brings down an image of the sky upon the level, some few miles in front of the caravan, and produces the effect of a broad expanse of water, in which each village, brought down also, appears as an islet. Lured on by the refreshing prospect, man and beast push hopefully forward, often miles out of their track, to find the water, and the islands, constantly receding from their view, until the evening comes and they vanish altogether. So complete is the delusion, that not only experienced and scientific travelers, but even the Arabs, themselves are often deceived by it.

The third kind of mirage is seen only from the top of the Brocken, the highest summit of the Hartz Mountain range in Hungary. It is there known as the Brokengespenst, or "Specter of the Brocken;" and very specter-like it looks in the red evening sun. You no sooner step out upon the plateau on the top of the hill, than your shadow, grim and gigantic, is apparently flung right out against the eastern sky, where, with all visible space for a play-ground, it flits swiftly from place to place, following your every movement. This mirage is only visible in the evening just before sunset, so that the shadow is doubly exaggerated, first by the distance and level of the sun, and then by the distance of the surface upon which it is projected.

HOW MIRAGES ARE FORMED.

Each of these different kinds of mirage has its own separate cause, though they all depend for their existence upon a special state of the atmosphere. Before the phenomenon is possible the air must be divided into strata of different degrees of density. That done, the mirage follows, sometimes by refraction, sometimes by reflection, sometimes by the projection of shadows. Let us take the mirage by refraction first. Place a shilling in an empty bowl and walk backwards until the coin, being hidden by the rim of the vessel, is no longer visible to you. Now, standing just where you are, ask a friend to fill the bowl with water, and as he does so the coin will gradually come back within the range of vision, and you will see it as plainly as ever. How is this? You have not moved, and the coin has not been moved. No; but the straight ray of light which, passing from your eye to the basin, enables you to see the coin at first, has been bent in passing through the water, and you are now able, as it were, to see round a corner. This is precisely what takes place in cases of mirage like that seen by Captain Scoresby and by the people of the beach at Hastings. The rays of light thrown back by the ship in the one instance and by the French coast in the other, would, in ordinary states of the atmosphere, have shot outward and upward high into the air, and left the objects from which they were reflected totally invisible to persons at the distance of thirty and fifty miles. But in both cases the intervening air was ranged in strata of different degrees of density: and just as the ray from the coin in the basin is bent by passing through the water, so were the rays from the ship and the coast bent in passing through a layer or layers of denser atmosphere. The kind of mirage which, like that seen by the traveler in the desert, brings the object down, instead of elevating it, is accounted for differently. In the former case we had refraction, here we have reflection. The terrible heat of the sand rarefies the air nearest it, and, contrary to what is usual in nature, forces the denser atmosphere into a stratum above it. The two strata meet like two pieces of glass, one laid on top of the other, and where they join a surface is formed, which, like a lake, reflects back all objects above it. It is in this way that an image of the sky is brought down to look like water in the desert, the illusion being rendered the more perfect very often by the ripples that run over the surface of air.

The explanation of the Specter of the Brocken is very simple. To the east of the Hartz mountains there is always a very dense and hazy atmosphere, so dense that it presents a surface capable of receiving the impression of a shadow and of retaining it as a wall does. When, therefore, the sun gets round to the west, the shadow of all objects that are near enough to this surface are projected upon it. It is not the fact that these shadows are flung out, as they appear to be, upon what is called the sky, they are all close at hand. And the chances are that if it were possible to walk straight out towards them from the top of the Brocken, the spectator would very soon get behind them.

To produce the mirage in miniature, let the reader take a red-hot poker and look along it horizontally towards an object (say some letter of the alphabet) stuck upon the wall a few feet away. He will soon see the inverted image of the object a few inches from the end of the poker, and a few inches above it.

CHEAP!
CHEAPER
CHEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths
Carriage Oil Cloth.

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.

F. P. CONFER,
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Family Physic; and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia; as a Dinner Pill, for purifying the Blood, Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

VIGORENE
THE GREAT POSITIVE CURE
for all DISEASES arising from a deranged condition of the BLOOD, LIVER, NERVES, or DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

DR. J. WALKER'S SIERRA NEVADA
VIGORENE

The Best Family Medicine on Earth.
$100 IN GOLD
to any person afflicted with a disease that VIGORENE will not relieve or cure, providing the bones or organs are not wasted beyond point of repair.

VIGORENE
is scientifically compounded from Herbs, Roots, Barks and Gums found in California and the West Indies, combining a Tonic, Cathartic, Alterative, Diuretic and Sudorific.

Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition. It increases the appetite, assists digestion, and gives firmness and tone to the muscular and circulating system. It stimulates the vital processes to renewed activity, alters, corrects and purifies the fluids, tones the organs and reestablishes their healthy functions.

THE ONLY TRUE REMEDY FOR COLDS.
It is useless to expatiate upon the virtues of this GREAT REMEDY. If you are suffering from BILIOUS ATTACKS, DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY or NERVOUS DISEASES, or any disorder arising from IMPURE BLOOD, get a bottle of VIGORENE and take it as per directions upon each bottle, in English, German, Spanish and French. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printers' ink.

A trial of one bottle insures its adoption in every family, for no Man, Woman or Child can take VIGORENE and remain long sick. It first cleanses the system, then repairs, then builds up, thus curing disease and establishing health on a permanent, safe and enduring basis.

Put up in large bottles, and is pleasant to take.
Sold by Druggists Generally. Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
Walker & Badger Mfg. Co., Prop'rs,
40 John Street, New York.

VIGORENE
☞ For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, who are authorized to guarantee VIGORENE to prove as represented. [10-11,'78.-1y.]

The Purest and Best Medicine ever made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer nor let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them.

Get some this day.

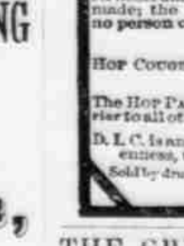
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

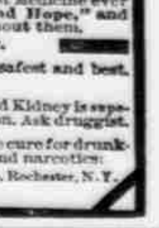
The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggist.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Send for Circular.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Gray's Specific Medicine.




TRADE MARK.
After Taking.

Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for SEMINAL WEAKNESS, SPERMATORRHEA, IMPOTENCY, and all diseases that follow as a sequence on Self Abuse—as Loss of MEMORY, UNIVERSAL LASSITUDE, PAIN IN BACK, DIMNESS OF VISION, PREMATURE OLD AGE, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.

Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5; or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., No. 10 Mechanics' Block, DETROIT, MICH.

☞ Sold in Ebensburg by C. T. ROBERTS, and by Druggists everywhere.

HARRIS & EWING, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg, Pa. [8-16.-1y.]

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHEA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address.

Address the Publishers,
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.
June 20, 1879.-1y.

S. H. DECKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty.
Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4.-tf.☞]

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

FEATS OF A MOHAMMEDAN SHEIKH.

A correspondent of an English paper, writing from Damascus, gives an account of some of the feats performed by a Mohammedan shiekh of that city, Rusian Abouton, from which we select the following:

"Taking a handful of skewers similar to those used for cooking purposes, each about a foot long, he called the wildest half-stripped desciple to him, and opening his mouth, muttering the while with great apparent intensity of concentration a prayer or invocation, he with a sudden jerk forced the point clean through the cheeks so that it could be seen projecting on the other side. He repeated the process with the other cheek, the man showing no sign of pain and not a drop of blood flowing from the wound. He then went to his son, who calmly gazed at him with his large swimming eyes, opened his mouth, and received a stab through the cheek without the quiver of an eyelid. I was watching him closely and could not observe the slightest muscular contraction. The point was clearly projecting through the skin, and deception was impossible, as there was every opportunity afforded for the closest inspection. Leaving the two victims with their mouths thus trussed, as it were, the sheikh took a square box, which when it was opened, was found to contain several live scorpions of unusual size. Taking up one of these as large as an ordinary land-crab, he handed it, all wriggling, darting its tail in its efforts to sting, to a man who came forward, and he calmly but rapidly dropped it into his mouth and crunched it, with great appearent relish, eating it completely up. Then he saw a much larger box containing serpents of various sizes. These he turned out upon the floor, dominating them after the manner of serpent charmers, and allowing them to twine and curl round him. Drawing a live snake, about two feet long, out of the box, he held it up by the tail, when suddenly a tall man, afflicted appearently with St. Vitus' dance, with hair disheveled, rushed forward with a loud cry and with foaming lips seized the snake with both hands, tore it violently asunder, and plunged its bloody and palpitating end into his mouth. This seemed a signal for a general scramble. In a moment three or four men were tearing the writhing fragments with their teeth, and with eager greediness devoured them in large mouthfuls, until not a particle of the snake remained. They then drew back with seeming reluctance, wiping their bloody lips with their hands:

"Meantime the man and boy who had been pierced watched the proceedings with the utmost unconcern. As it was difficult to believe that to remain with one's cheek skewered did not at all events produce a feeling of discomfort, and as they must have been standing for at least a quarter of an hour in the same attitude, I told the sheikh to pull out the skewers. This he did, in each case preceding the sharp pull with which he extracted them by an earnest invocation. When they were drawn out the points were bloodless, while, excepting that there was apparent induration of the cheek at the spots through which the skewers had passed there was no sign of what bad happened.

"A brazier full of live charcoal was now brought in and fanned into flame. When it was glowing with a blue and lurid light the sheikh, calling suddenly on Allah several times, jumped literally on the blazing mass in his bare feet, and stood there nearly a minute. Then getting down, the charcoal was again fanned into a flame and the men who had eaten the scorpions and serpents and who had been skewered through the cheeks rushed forward, plunged their hands into the burning mass and tossed the glowing embers into their mouths, crunching them up with the greatest unconcern. Meantime the smell of burned flesh became unmistakable, which somewhat militates against the theory that their flesh is impervious to fire, through I am bound to say no one showed any signs of feeling pain.

A DISCOVERY IN GRAPE CULTURE. —A letter to the Secretary of the Ohio Agricultural Society from W. W. Scarborough, of Woodburn, a suburb of Cincinnati, says:

"I have received your favor inquiring about the results of the new method of protecting grapes from disease, etc., by enclosing the bunches in paper bags. Hearing in 1876 that my neighbor, Mr. Gottlieb Myers, had in that year tried successfully this experiment, early in the summer of 1877, just after blossoming had been accomplished and the young grapes fully set, I enclosed in paper bags 2,500 bunches chiefly Concords and Catawbas, and some few bunches of Delaware, Iona and Isibella, and gathered in the fall 2,450 bunches therefrom of perfect and magnificent fruit. Of the fruit that year not bagged there were probably one-half destroyed by rot, with a further loss by mildew, birds and insects.

"This year I had 7,500 bunches inclosed in bags, with substantially the same result to the kinds or varieties of grapes before mentioned. Some 200 bunches of the Hartford Prolific variety did not do as well as the other varieties. There was less rot this year in our open vineyards than for many years past, but yet there was a disease, although diminished, and the same loss by birds and insects to the unprotected bunches, which have heretofore existed.

"The bag used is the common paper pasted bag used by the grocers, made of yellow Manilla paper, and six inches wide, by nine inches long or deep, and fastened to the bunch by two or three pins. These bags (or most of them) if made of good quality of paper will last for two years' use, as will the pins also be good for the second year's use, if of good quality.

"The quality of the fruit is improved by its isolation in the bag—it is richer in saccharine matter, and of higher flavor. The cost of bags, pins and labor is about one-third of a cent per bag on the small scale of my experiments. The result of the experiments has confirmed the theory which I have held, that the rot is caused by the puncture of the grape by some minute insect just at the time when it becomes of full size and when covered by the night dew or the moisture of a foggy night or morning.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
GOOD FARM PROPERTES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879.-1y.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED. COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents.
A. W. BUCK
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1878.-1y.*

PAMPHLET for advertisers. 100 pages, 10c. G. P. Rowell & Co., N. Y.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT A FREEZER.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs very light, and add thereto four cups of sugar and stir well. Add to this, little by little, one quart of rich milk that has been heated almost to boiling, beating all the while, then put in the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Then boil the mixture in a pail set inside another containing hot water. Boil about fifteen minutes, or until it is as thick as a boiled custard, stirring steadily meanwhile. Pour into a bowl to cool. When quite cold, beat into it three pints of rich sweet cream and five teaspoonfuls of vanilla or such other flavoring as you prefer. Put it into a pail having a close-fitting cover and pack in pounded ice and salt—rock salt, not the common kind. When packed, before putting the ice on top of the cover, beat the custard as you would batter, for five minutes steady; then put on the cover, put the ice and salt over it and cover the whole with a thick mat, blanket or carpet, and let it stand for an hour. Do not let the salt get inside, or it will spoil the cream. Carefully uncover and scrape from the bottom and sides of the pail the thick coating of frozen custard, making every particle clear; beat again hard until the custard is a smooth, half congealed paste. Do this thoroughly. Put on the cover, ice, salt and blanket, and leave it for five or six hours, replenishing the ice and salt if necessary.

A CURIOUS LAKE.—Here is what they tell about a wonderful body of water in Colorado, the surface of which is covered by a cornfield:

In Colorado there is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If anyone will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it filled with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the field-hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having strength enough to drive a rail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, has not this body an outlet? Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and it is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

STILL ANOTHER CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—Several weeks since I was attacked with a severe dental neuralgia. After resorting to friction, cold and hot applications, etc., without obtaining any relief, I lay upon my bed, trusting that sleep might come and give me respite. Still the excruciating pain continued, and while I was suffering the "tortures of the doubly damned," undecided whether to arouse some tired druggist for a bottle of chloroform or chop my head off (with a decided preference, however, for the chloroform), I suddenly bethought me of what I had read of an anaesthetic which we always carry with us. Thereupon I began to inflate my lungs to their utmost capacity, and then forcibly blow out all the air I could. Immediately the pain began to lessen, and after a few repetitions of the process it had entirely ceased, being displaced by a delightful tickling sensation in the gums, and furthermore I know not, for in less time than it takes to tell it I was sound asleep, awakening the next morning delightfully refreshed, and without a symptom of my ailment left. Hence, you see, I was not simply temporarily relieved, but entirely well again. I wish others would try this and report results.

THINK OF IT—DRINK OF IT THEN, IF YOU CAN.—Think of it, housekeepers. Scientific experts have discovered that green coffee is manipulated—painted—so as to deceive purchasers into the idea that they are buying nice, green berries of a high grade, when in reality they are getting only an inferior article covered with a substance which a chemical analysis shows to be lead, chromium and iron, in the form of chromium of lead and Prussian blue—these two compounds forming when mixed, the so-called "chrome green." Whether this ingredient is poisonous or not—whether a slow poison or a quick poison—is not stated; but it is certainly an uncomfortable reflection that, in the indulgences of our morning's potations, we may be unconscious partakers of a deadly poison. With the adulterated coffee, adulterated tea and adulterated beer, the thirsty will be puzzled to know what to drink.

OLD newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleaned silver, knives, forks, tin-ware, etc., better than anything else.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a cal before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

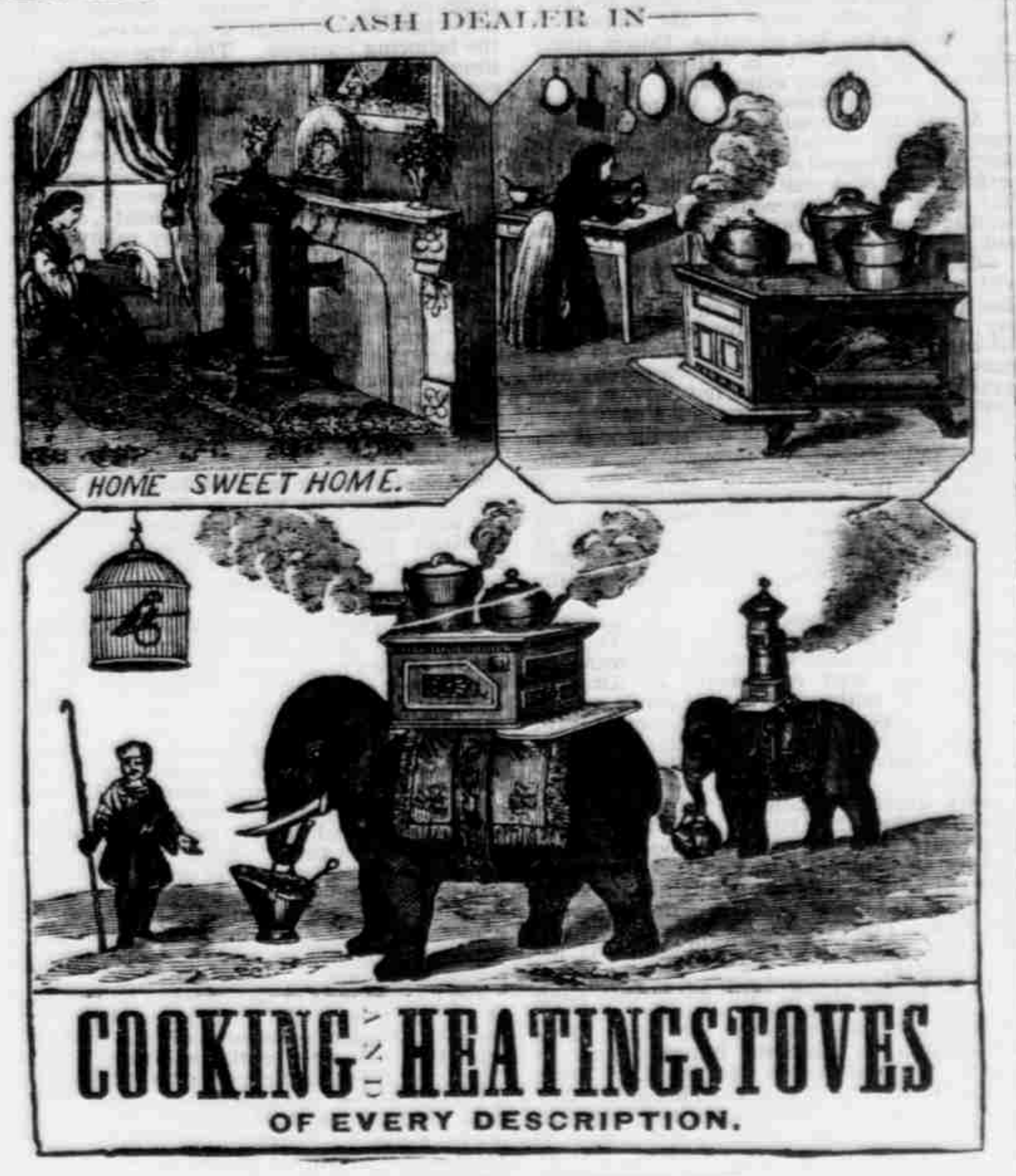
EBENSB'G WOOLEN FACTORY.
COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.
THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also Manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.
Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.
F. H. BARKER,
ALVIN EVANS,
Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf. ED. JAMES.

B. O. Oeschger,
FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
SHOP in Gurley Building, on High street, where choice samples of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. ☞ A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.
Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.

PATENTS!
LEVIS & BICKEL, Solicitors.
PATENTS procured on New Inventions in from 15 to 30 days. Send for circular containing useful information. Office, 131 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield street, opposite M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. [3-14.-11m.]

MISS M. E. DAVIS has just returned from the city with a large and elegant stock of Spring and Summer Hats, as well as a full line of Notions and other goods in her line, which will be sold very cheap for cash. Ladies are earnestly invited to give her a call. Store in E. J. Humphreys' building, corner of Julian and Crawford streets, Ebensburg. [4-25.-3m.*]

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN—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TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA, PA.
CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY.
ROOFING, SPOUTING and Repairing
[6-6.] PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY ATTENDED TO. [3m.]

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AT THE POPULAR PIONEER
CLOTHING HOUSE
OF GODFREY WOLF,
12th St., Next Door to P. O., Altoona, Pa.
Has simply been immense, the large establishment being for the most part crowded from morning until night, so that in not a few instances it became necessary to employ extra salesmen in order to accommodate the public; yet, notwithstanding this unprecedented rush of customers, the mammoth stock at this great Clothing Emporium has been found equal to all demands made upon it for new and desirable
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS!
and is to-day the best stocked and really the cheapest house in that city. Nothing but the lowest prices, strictly adhered to year in and year out, has created and maintained such a business as has been done at this favorite Clothing Store, where
PRICES are DOWN!
and will be kept down to the very lowest figures. No one, therefore, should buy a Summer Suit, Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat, Cap, or anything in the way of Furnishing Goods, until he has seen the stock and learned the prices at
GODFREY WOLF'S
ONE-PRICE AND LOWEST PRICED CLOTHING HOUSE,
[6-6.] Next Door to the Post-Office, Altoona, Pa. [3m.]

HERE I AM AGAIN!
—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—
PUBLIC OFFICE
—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—
PUBLIC PATRONAGE!
Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his
LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,
Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,
Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,
N. J. FREIDHOFF
Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.
N. J. FREIDHOFF.
EBENSBURG, MARCH 21, 1879.-tf.

PLAIN FACTS!
PLAIN TO THE PEOPLE OF FACTS
PLAIN CAMBRIA AND ADJOINING COUNTIES! FACTS
PLAIN FACTS
PLAIN We hereby respectfully inform you all that we have just opened an immense and elegant stock of FACTS
PLAIN FACTS
PLAIN Gents' and Youths' Hats and Caps, FACTS
PLAIN Shirts, Overalls, Underwear, FACTS
PLAIN *NECKWEAR, and a full line of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, in the sale of which we guarantee to purchasers a saving of fully twenty-five per* FACTS
PLAIN *cent. on the dollar, which will surely compensate any one for fare and other needful expenses in visiting Altoona. Besides the above,* FACTS
PLAIN *we have other lines of Goods which we will make it worth while for any person to buy. Remember the place,* FACTS
PLAIN *as this is SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.* FACTS
PLAIN S. B. CORN & CO., Opposite New B'ld'gs Going Up. 1307 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa FACTS
PLAIN INFORM YOUR NEIGHBORS OF THE GOOD NEWS AND FACTS
PLAIN FACTS!

DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, having located in the office and residence owned and recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞ A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. ☞ Anæsthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-30,'79.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'72.]

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Julian street, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Consultations in both German and English. Night calls should be made at the office. [3-3,'77.-tf.]

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

CASTOR OIL, besides being an excellent dressing for leather, renders it vermin proof. It should be mixed, say half and half, with tallow or other oil. Neither rats, roaches, nor other vermin will attack leather so prepared.

TO REMOVE the iron taste from new kettles, boil a handful of hay in them, and repeat the process if necessary. Haywater is a great sweetener of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with water in which hay has been steeped.

CHAR the ends of your posts before putting them into the holes. They will last much longer. They may be charred a little higher than the ground, although that is likely to make them a little unslightly. There are farmers who even after charring make an application of thin tar.

THE highly-injurious caustic effect of lime accidentally introduced into the eye, as frequently occurs to those engaged in building, may be entirely neutralized by the use of cold sugar-water, owing to the formation of a compound of the lime and sugar, which is without any action upon the eye.

MANY persons dislike lettuce as a salad. They may not be aware that, when boiled, minced, and propely prepared with butter, salt, and pepper, it is a very pleasant addition to the dinner table, and finer than cabbages which are a great deal more expensive. A trial will convince the most skeptical of this fact.

A FARMER who has had ten years experience in Colorado claims to have found a sure remedy for the potato bug scourge. His plan is simply to plant one or two seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says that the bugs will shun it every time; and for ten years he has thus been successful in raising potatoes while others have failed.

BY simply soaking oats in tep water a saving may be effected their consumption. By this meth the rations for each animal may be duced one-third. Horses whose tee have seen their best days mastic the grain in its ordinary condition sufficiently, and younger animals their greed often swallow much of whole. All this may be obviated the remedy suggested.

IN fattening animals the most e nomical plan is to fatten as quickly possible, because the less amount food expanded by respiration, more will go to the formation of In experimenting with a pig, Mr. La found that 500 pounds of ba meal, given as freely as it could eaten, increases his weight from to 200 lbs in 17 weeks. Had a lo er time been taken in the consum of the food, it is conclusive the good portion of it would have been pended in the maintenance of the mal's existence and not nearly amount of fat produced.

CURE FOR CHOLERA, DIARRHEA —No one who has this by him takes it in time, will ever have cholera. We commend it to all friends. Even when no cholera ticipated, it is an excellent rem for ordinary summer complaints diarrhea, dysentery, etc.: Take parts of tincture of Cayenne pe tincture of opium, tincture of rh essence of peppermint, and spir camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 drops in a little cold water, acco to age and violence of symptom peated every fifteen or twenty mi until relief is obtained.

WHEN TO CUT FENCE POSTS.— perience teaches." It is diffi prove by argument why fence p timber cut for other purposes, gust, will be more durable th at any other season. But it known to many who are experts timber business that "powder p the destruction by larvae of w ing beetles, never occurs in hick oak cut in August; and that pi logs cut in the summer will be after being left several years woods, when those cut in the will often be seriously rotted. farmers aver, as their experien fence posts cut in August will by many years others that a in the winter or in the spring. we may not be able to explain th son from any difference in the c of the sap or the condition of th itself at the two seasons it may b to accept the fact as shown by e ence, and get out the fence p possible, in the month of Augu

SUGAR FROM CORN STALKS.— recent meeting of the Penns Board of Agriculture, an exce interesting paper was read by Stewart, of Murryville, Westm county, asserting that the juice dinary corn is rich in crysta sugar; and he invited his fellow bers to witness the process, no fected, and in practical operat ing the coming State fair. Mr S cognizes three distinct classes charine juices, the third of w those like maize and sorghum not heretofore been generally zed as distinct, containing best condition both cane sug uncrystallizable sugar, but w reason of the defective modes ment heretofore resorted to hav ed practically uncrystallizab asserts: "The stems of Indi in any of its many varieties at the proper stage of develop well as those of the different of sorghum, contain in great ance a saccharine juice scarc led in richness by the sugar Louisiana." The sugar pro this process is the true crys cane sugar—not the compa worthless "corn sugar." It is al product of the immature Mr. S. says: "The yield of s acre from a single crop w from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds to the average from the sug and the beet at their best, a half the cost." Again: "If bined sugar and grain crop is the largest stemmed varieties corn should be grown." But adduced enough to prompt inquiry in regard to this im subject Mr. Le Duc, Com of Agriculture, two years ag that Indian corn furnishes an staple for producing sugar. Stewart confirms the claim, ing his paper with the truthf "If the results already reache cepted in their full significan can be no question that we eve of a revolution in sugar ture, and of the rise of a new manent industry in this co